

THE MASKED MARVEL!

Keen **DETECTIVE** **FUNNIES**

10¢

**JUNE
№21**

SUDDENLY, THE MASKED
MARVEL LEAPED FROM
ABOVE TO THE DECK OF
THE MAD RAIDER!

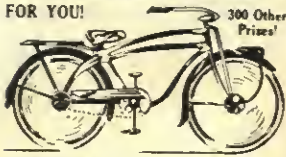
THE EYE
DAN DENNIS
PY HUNTERS
DEAN DENTON
PARK O'LEARY



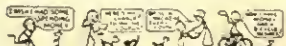


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Helpful Hints For Camera Fans

Part Six: Night Photography

PERHAPS the easiest way to take "night" or "moonlight" pictures is to fake a sunlight picture in the developing room. The best examples of "moonshine" are secured when the sun is low in the western sky and partially or completely obscured by clouds. The rest of the faking takes place when you print your picture. It must be printed long enough so the background will be sufficiently dark to simulate night, and only the highlights remain visible on the print. These give the appearance of moonlight and present some very interesting effects.

Although this is the method most generally used, genuine night pictures can be taken with a little practice and care. Because of the absence of sunlight, such pictures must be made with a "time" exposure. Also, for "time" exposures a tripod is necessary, or the camera must be placed on some other solid support. These are about the only "props" you do need, though, as night pictures can be taken with any good camera on ordinary verichrome film.

The length of the "time" exposure needed will require a little experimenting. Generally, however, with the lens opened at the largest stop on an ordinary box or folding camera the exposure, on verichrome film, will be from two seconds to two minutes for a well-lighted subject. Faster films than verichrome, of course, will require less exposure. Subjects that are not well lighted will require a longer exposure.

Care must be used in selecting proper night subjects, both from the pictorial angle and from the standpoint of sufficient lighting. Office or industrial buildings are good when they are the modern type with a great many well lighted windows. In the larger cities, public buildings are often floodlighted and these make excellent subjects. When the light from such buildings is reflected in a pool, or on wet pavements, the highlights obtained increase the attractiveness of the picture.

Passing vehicles will not interfere with your picture when you use a long "time" exposure. Brilliant headlights, however, will make long streaks of light on the negative. This can be avoided by holding your hand over the lens each time an automobile passes before your camera.

Some camera fans make a hobby of photographing lightning. This is one of the easiest kind of pictures to take at night. For one thing it isn't absolutely necessary to have a tripod or other support, the camera can be held in your hand. The "time" exposure does not present much of a problem either since you can open your shutter, wait for a flash of lightning, and close it immediately after.

Streaks of lightning and zigzag flashes make excellent pictures but sheet lightning illuminates too broad an expanse of sky. Select a night when the lightning display is particularly brilliant and find a good dry vantage point from which you can get an unobstructed view of the sky. An upstairs window is usually the best spot. Point your camera at a section of dark sky where the lightning seems to be most frequent and open the shutter. After a flash of lightning zigzags within the focus of your camera, close the shutter, and the picture has been bagged.

Remember when photographing lightning, it is the wise camera fan who knows enough to come in out of the rain!

Uncle Joe

Editor

The MASKED MARVEL

SUPER SLEUTH

Ben Thompson



THE "RED RAIDER" BECOMES HUNTED BY ALL NATIONS OF THE WORLD!

THE CAPTAIN OF A CERTAIN SUB-MARINE BECOMES OBSESSED WITH THE URGE TO KILL AND DESTROY. HE SINKS EVERY SHIP THAT COMES ACROSS HIS PATH, REGARDLESS OF NATIONALITY. MENTALLY DERANGED AND EXERTING A HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE OVER HIS CREW, HE EVEN RAIDS VESSELS OF HIS OWN COUNTRY, AS WELL AS THE ENEMY, FOR SUPPLIES AND AMMUNITION TO CARRY ON THE PIRATING AND MURDER. FINALLY, THE CAPTAIN HAULS DOWN HIS COUNTRY'S FLAG AND IN ITS PLACE FLIES A SKULL AND CROSS-BONES INSIGNIA. PAINTED A BRILLIANT RED, THE SUBMARINE BECOMES KNOWN AS THE

RED RAIDER!

AFTER TERRORIZING SHIPPING ALONG THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST, THE "RED RAIDER" MOVES TO THE NORTH ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP LANES, WHERE IT CRUISES BACK AND FORTH, HUNTING!

SUDDENLY—

SMOKE ON THE HORIZON! SUBMERGE AT ONCE!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, ONLY THE PERISCOPE WAS VISIBLE!



HERE IT IS, CAPTAIN.... OFF THE PORT BOW!



WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAW!

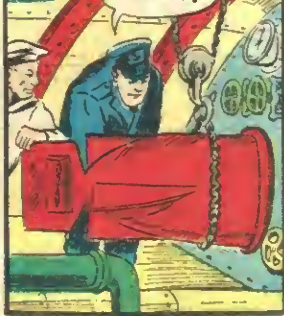


GOOD! IT'S A STEAMSHIP
LOADED WITH PASSENGERS!
WE'LL SINK HER! RANGE
1,000 YARDS.... ANGLE ON
THE BOW....130 PORT....
LOAD THE BOW TORPEDO
TUBE!



THE TORPEDO TUBE IS LOADED!

THIS WILL BE THE
SECOND ONE
TODAY!



A SILENT MESSENGER OF DEATH
SPEEDS TOWARDS THE STEAMSHIP!



THE UNSUSPECTING VESSEL CROSSES THE
WHITE PATH OF THE TORPEDO!



A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION FOLLOWS!

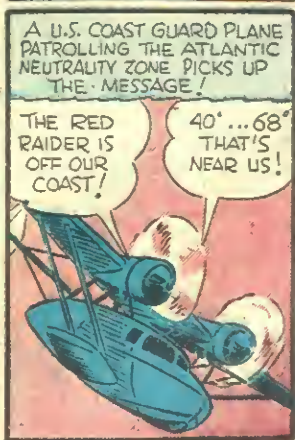
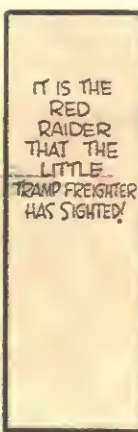
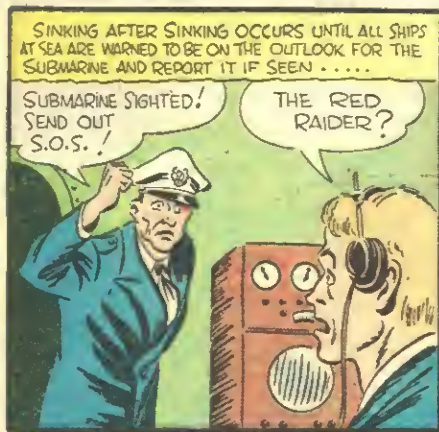


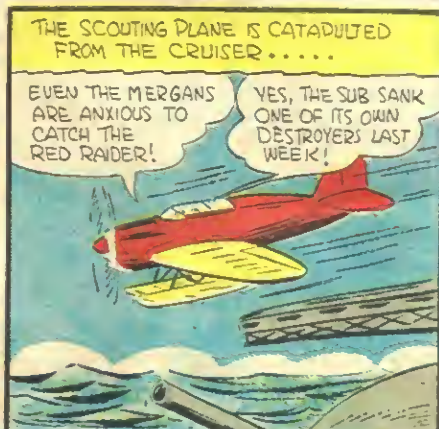
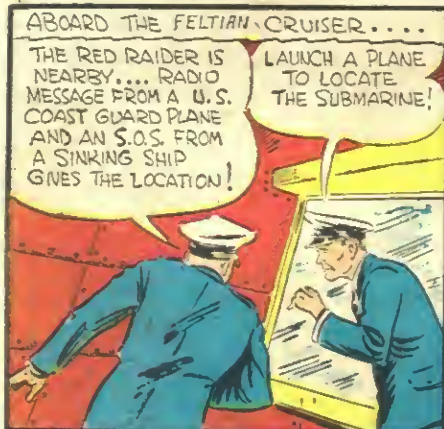
BEFORE LIFEBOATS CAN BE LOWERED, THE
TORPEDOED SHIP SINKS!

THE
SUBMARINE
RISES
TO THE
SURFACE
OF THE
WATER.

HAH! EVERYONE DROWNS!
WE WON'T HAVE TO WASTE
MACHINE GUN BULLETS ON
LIFEBOATS!







DIVE! THEY MUST HAVE SEEN THE SMOKE FROM THE BOAT WE SANK! WE'LL STAY BELOW UNTIL THE PLANE LEAVES. THE SEA'S ROUGH ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM FROM SPOTTING US!



THE CAPTAIN TOOK HIS SUBMARINE JUST BELOW THE SURFACE, EXPECTING THAT THE CHOPPY SEA WOULD PREVENT THE PLANE FROM SEEING THEM!

MUST BE AN AMERICAN PLANE... THEY WON'T TAKE A CHANCE ON RUNNING OUT OF GAS THIS FAR FROM SHORE AND SO WILL PROBABLY LEAVE SOON!



SHALL WE CRUISE AHEAD, CAPTAIN?

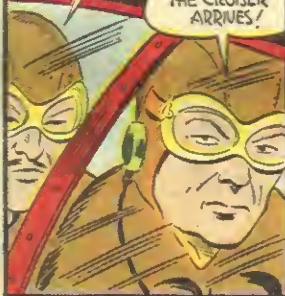
NO! FOOL..... WE'LL STAY RIGHT WHERE WE ARE FOR A WHILE AND GIVE THAT PLANE TIME TO LEAVE.... THEN WE'LL SURFACE AND MAKE SURE NO LIFEBOATS WERE LAUNCHED WITH SURVIVORS!



BUT, THE PLANE DID NOT LEAVE.

NOT A TRACE OF THAT SUBMARINE!

WE'LL HAVE TO FIND IT BEFORE THE CRUISER ARRIVES!

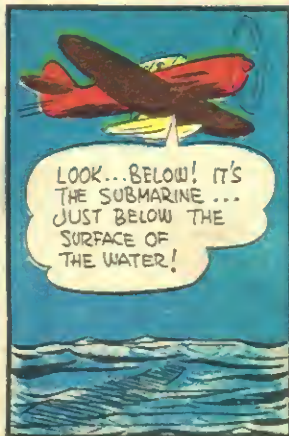


ABOUT HALF AN HOUR LATER...

RISE TO PERISCOPE DEPTH. I WANT TO LOOK AROUND



LOOK...BELOW! IT'S THE SUBMARINE... JUST BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE WATER!



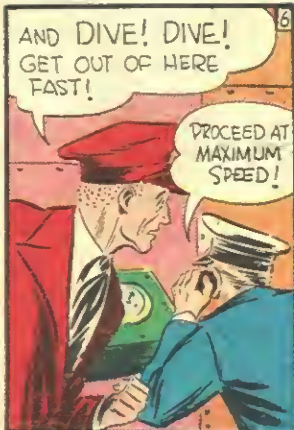
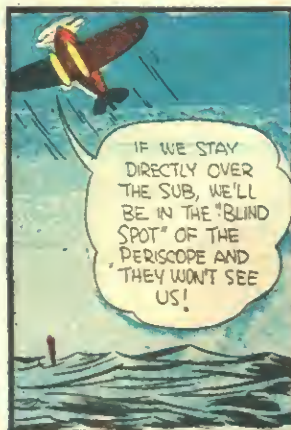
CALLING COMMANDER KINGSTON..... HAVE LOCATED THE RED RAIDER! SUBMARINE APPARENTLY DOES NOT SUSPECT OUR PRESENCE!



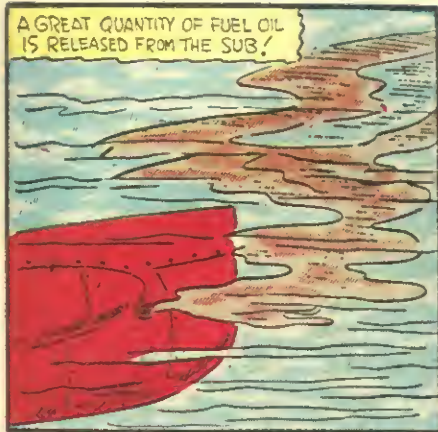
THERE COMES THE CRUISER!



GOOD! WE'LL FLY DIRECTLY OVER THE SUB UNTIL THEY ARRIVE!



A GREAT QUANTITY OF FUEL OIL IS RELEASED FROM THE SUB!



AND, IN A FEW MOMENTS, A HUGE SPOT OF OIL APPEARS ON THE SURFACE!



ISN'T THAT OIL ON THE WATER?

RIGHT! THE RED RAIDER HAS BEEN SUNK! WE'LL RADIO THE NEWS TO THE COMMANDER



THE RED RAIDER CAPTAIN REALIZES THAT HIS TRICK HAS WORKED!

NO MORE BOMBS! THAT MEANS THEY THINK WE HAVE BEEN HIT!



BACK ON LAND, NEWSPAPERS PRINT THE NEWS!



THE MASKED MARVEL HEARS ABOUT THE SINKING

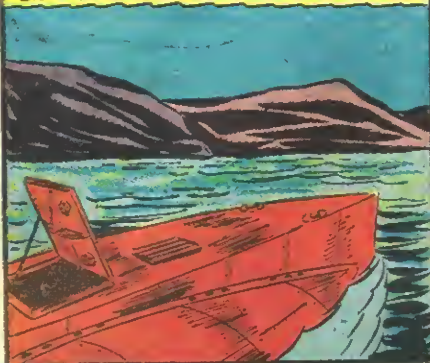
I'D FEEL MORE SURE, IF I HAD SEEN IT!



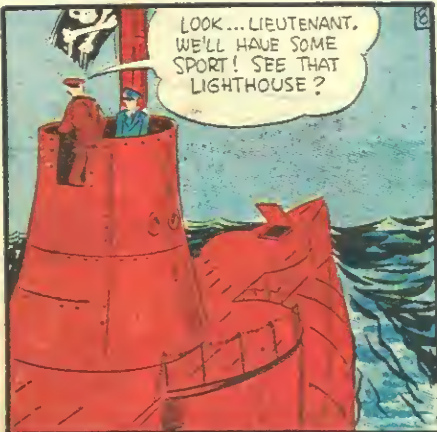
SINCE I WAS FLYING TO HELP CATCH THE RED RAIDER, I'LL GO ON AND MAKE SURE IT REALLY IS GONE!



WHILE THE WORLD THINKS THE RED RAIDER HAS BEEN SUNK, THE CRAFT CRUISES NEAR THE AMERICAN COAST!



LOOK... LIEUTENANT, WE'LL HAVE SOME SPORT! SEE THAT LIGHTHOUSE?



IF THAT LIGHTHOUSE WEREN'T THERE, MANY SHIPS WOULD CRASH INTO ROCKS. SEE? WE DESTROY THE LIGHTHOUSE WITH A COUPLE OF TORPEDOES AND LET THE SHIPS HIT THE ROCKS!



A TORPEDO BLASTS THE ROCKS AT THE BASE OF THE TOWER!



ALTHOUGH DAMAGED, THE LIGHTHOUSE STILL STANDS!

SO... WE WILL HAVE TO SHOOT ANOTHER TORPEDO!

SIR! THERE'S A PLANE APPROACHING!



IT IS THE MASKED MARVEL IN HIS AIRPLANE!

JUST AS I SUSPECTED! THE RED RAIDER WASN'T DESTROYED.... AND NOW THEY ARE TRYING TO BLOW UP A LIGHTHOUSE!





DEAN DENTON

scientific detective

THE COUNTERFEIT CONSPIRACY CASE

by
ANDREW FRANCIS CAMPBELL

THIS IS THE
THAMES, ABSALOM.

HUH! AINT MUCH
BIGGER DAN DE
HAHLEM RIVAH!

DEAN, AMERICA'S BEST-KNOWN VENTRILOQUIST, HAS GIVEN UP HIS CAREER AND IS DEVOTING HIS SCIENTIFIC TALENTS TO CRIMINOLOGY...

HIS ANCIENT AND INSANE ENEMY, THE CONQUEROR, IS IN JAIL IN THE BELGIAN CONGO, AND DEAN IS IN ENGLAND ON THE LAST LEG OF HIS JOURNEY BACK TO THE UNITED STATES.

WITH HIM ARE ABSALOM, HIS VALET, AND CAROL KANE, HIS PRETTY ASSISTANT!

BUT HIS FAME HAS PRECEDED HIM...

VERY SERIOUS, THESE
COUNTERFEITS.

AND THEY CAN'T
BE DETECTED?

THE POUND IS
DROPPING AS
A RESULT!

GENTLEMEN,
MAY I SAY
A WORD?

WE'LL HEAR
FROM THE
CHIEF OF
NAVAL INTEL-
LIGENCE!

A SERIOUS MEETING OF WAR-
TORN ENGLAND'S CABINET!

THERE'S AN AMERICAN CHAP IN LONDON
RIGHT NOW! Y' KNOW—THE MAN WHO
INVENTED THE MAGNETIC MINE
REPULSER. HE MIGHT BE
ABLE TO FIND THE
ANSWER, IF THERE
ARE NO OBJECTIONS!

GO AHEAD SIR RONALD,
WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING
ELSE!

RIGHT! AND
IMMEDIATELY!

THE CHIEF OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE SPEAKS...

DENTON, ONE OF THESE NOTES IS COUNTERFEIT! BOTH MAY JOLLY WELL BE. IS THERE ANY WAY TO TELL THE BOGUS ONE?

I MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING. GOT A NOTE YOU KNOW'S GOOD?



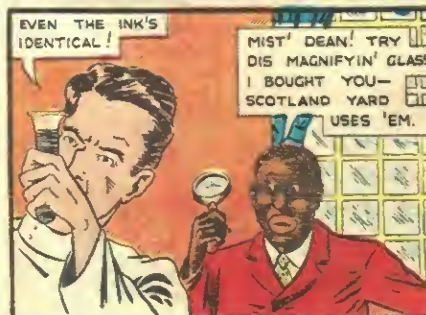
DENTON'S HOTEL - A SHORT TIME LATER...

HMM-M! NO DIFFERENCE UNDER X-RAYS! AND INFRA-RED SHOWS NOTHING!



EVEN THE INK'S IDENTICAL!

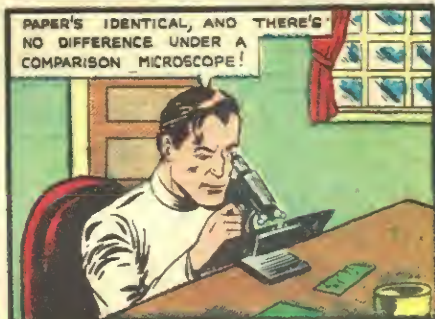
MIST' DEAN, TRY DIS MAGNIFYIN' GLASS I BOUGHT YOU—SCOTLAND YARD USES 'EM.



YES! HERE'S A NEW NOTE I'LL TEST FROM THE BANK OF ENGLAND! THEM. YOU'LL HAVE TO GET ME THE USE OF A LABORATORY.

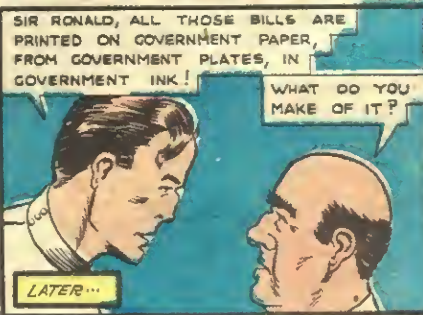


PAPER'S IDENTICAL, AND THERE'S NO DIFFERENCE UNDER A COMPARISON MICROSCOPE!



SIR RONALD, ALL THOSE BILLS ARE PRINTED ON GOVERNMENT PAPER, FROM GOVERNMENT PLATES, IN GOVERNMENT INK!

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?



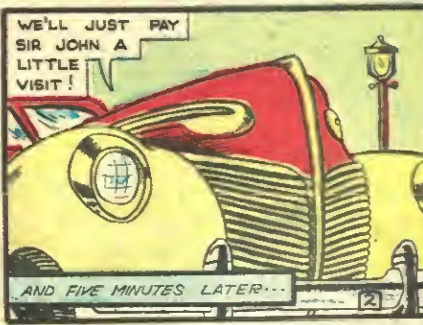
LATER...

THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER—AN INSIDE JOB! IT HAS TO BE! WHO'S THE MAN IN CHARGE OF PRINTING YOUR MONEY?

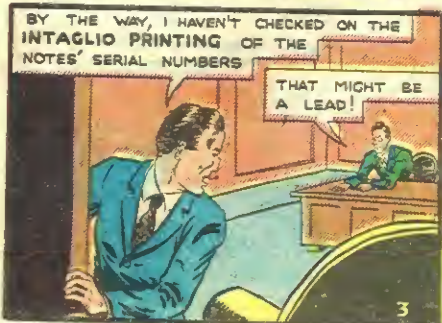
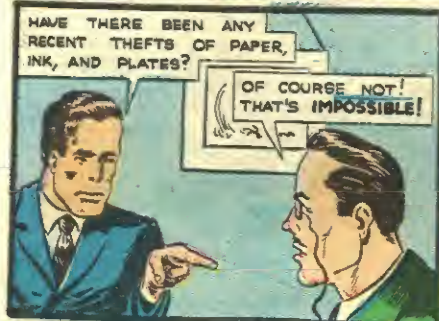
SIR JOHN BLASSINGHAM!

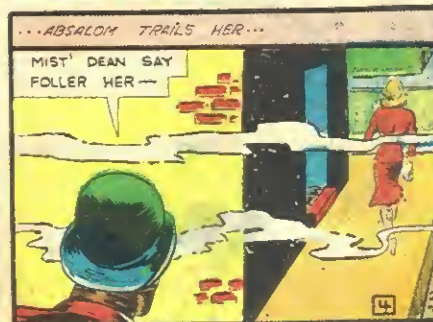
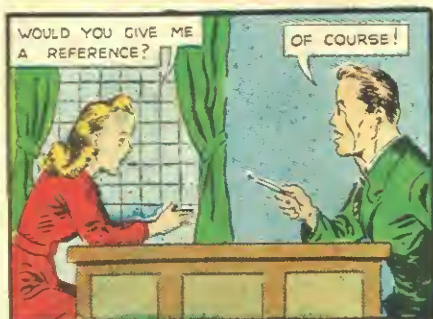
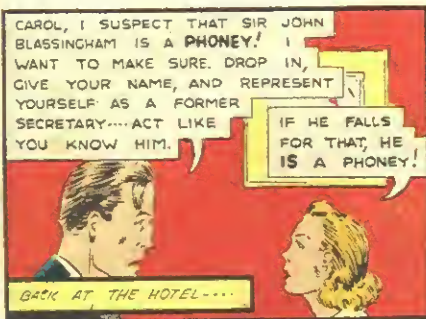


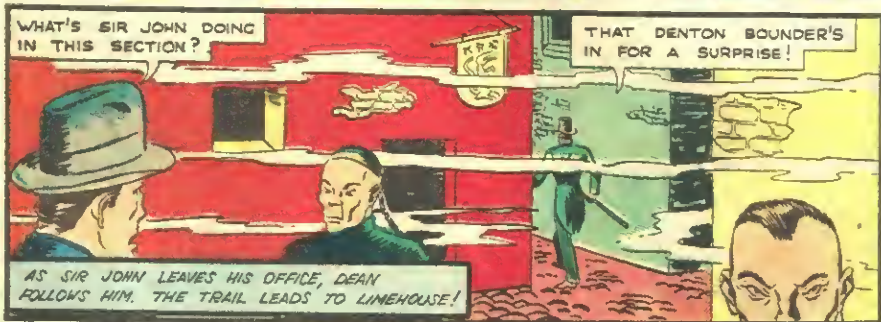
WE'LL JUST PAY SIR JOHN A LITTLE VISIT!

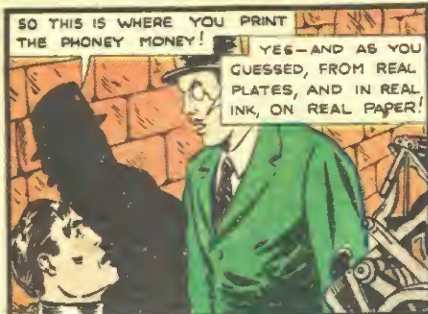
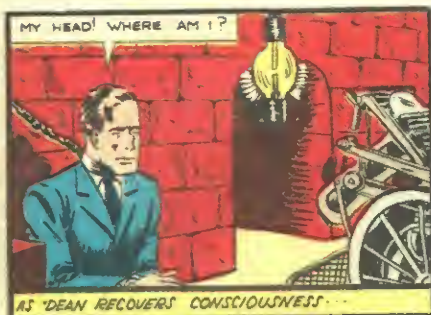


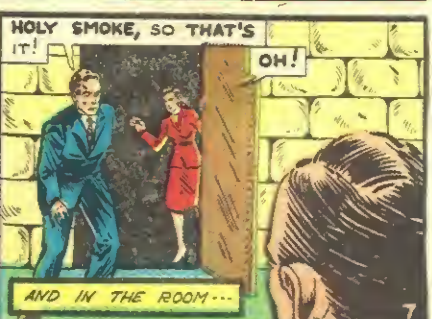
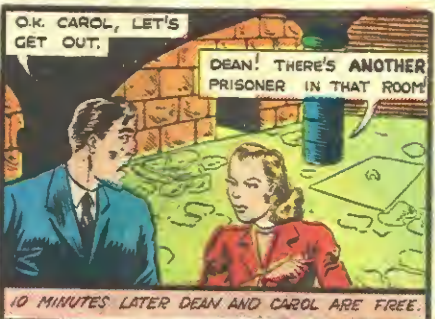
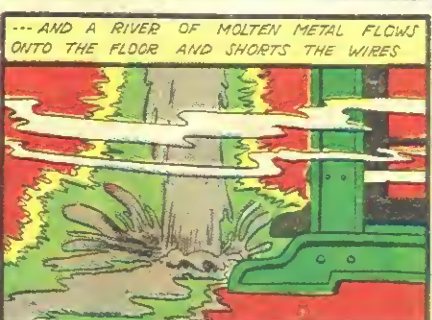
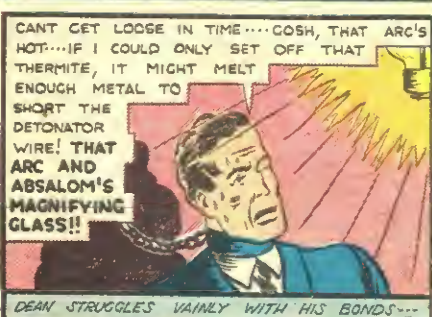
AND FIVE MINUTES LATER...

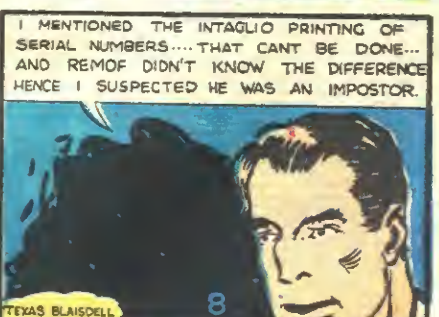
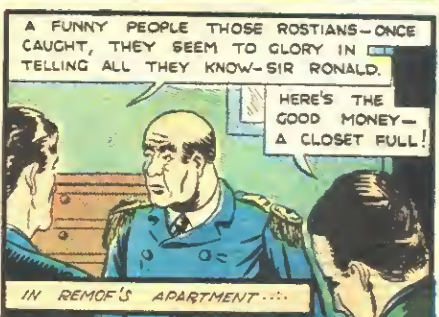
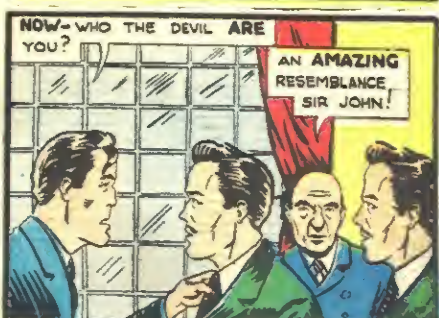
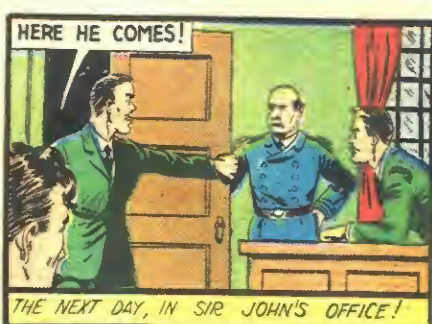
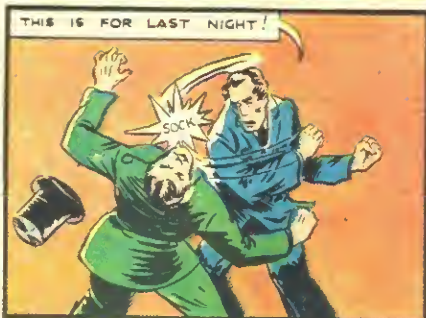








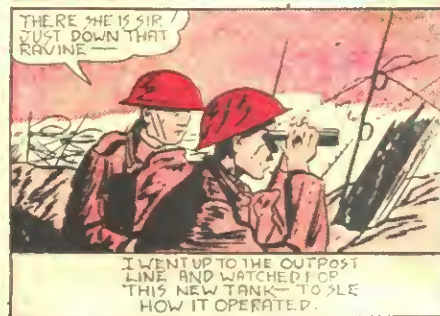




CAPTAIN FORSYTH & SERGEANT MACLEAN

SPY

HUNTERS

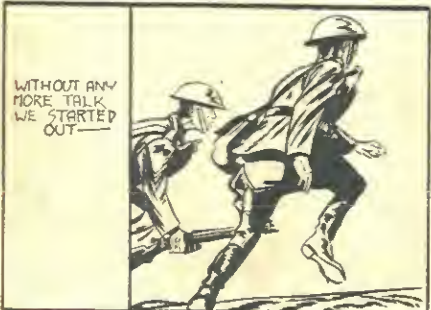




AS I WATCHED, THE TANK STOPPED IN A LOW SPOT AND OUT JUMPED TWO OF THE ENEMY—



THEY'RE DROPPING SNIPERS BEHIND THE OUTPOSTS. WE'VE GOT TO WARN THE MEN. LET'S GET GOING CORPORAL!



WITHOUT ANY MORE TALK WE STARTED OUT—

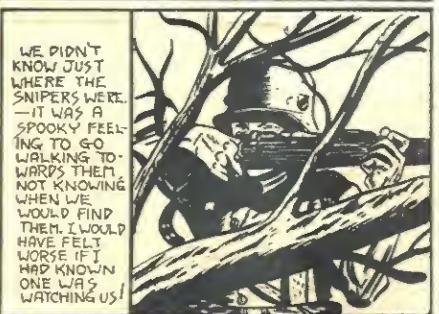


LET'S GO SOLDIER— PICK UP AND COME WITH US ...

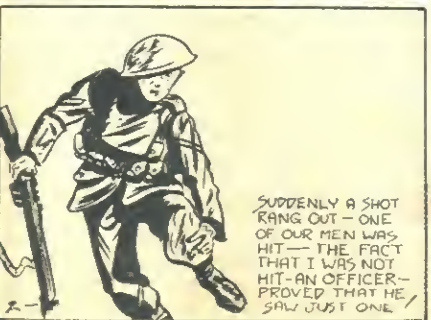
ON THE WAY UP—I PICKED UP A MAN—



WE SPREAD OUT AND WENT SLOWLY FORWARD INTO THE THICKETS



WE DIDN'T KNOW JUST WHERE THE SNIPERS WERE. —IT WAS A SPOOKY FEELING TO GO WALKING TOWARDS THEM, NOT KNOWING WHEN WE WOULD FIND THEM. I WOULD HAVE FELT WORSE IF I HAD KNOWN ONE WAS WATCHING US!

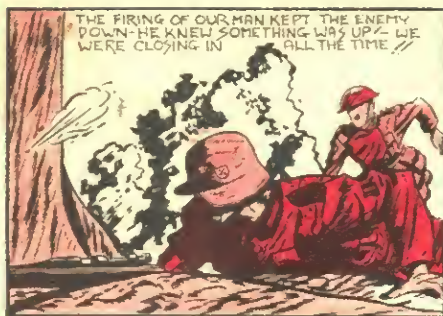


SUDDENLY A SHOT RANG OUT— ONE OF OUR MEN WAS HIT— THE FACT THAT I WAS NOT HIT—AN OFFICER— PROVED THAT HE SAW JUST ONE.

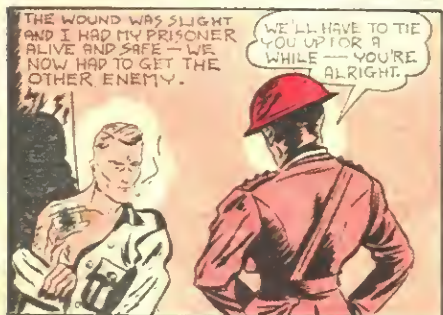


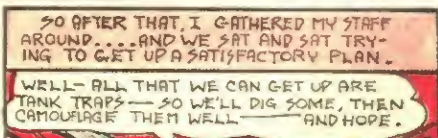
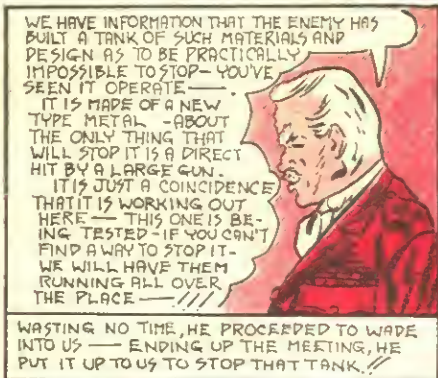
YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP UP A STEADY FIRE INTO THAT SPOT. THE CORPORAL AND I WILL GO ON OPPOSITE SIDES AND CLOSE IN.

RIGHT! SIR



I WANTED THIS MAN FOR A PRISONER—BUT HE HAD NO INTENTIONS OF BEING TAKEN AND HE WOULD HAVE FINISHED ME OFF IN QUICK ORDER—SO I FIRED //





BY DAWN WE
HAD THEM
FINISHED—
ONE OF THEM
HAD A MACHINE
GUN SET
UP TO DRAW
THE TANK—

IF THE
TANK RAN
FOR THE
GUN—IT WOULD
DROP IN—



SURE ENOUGH THE TANK BEGAN TO CRUISE
UP AND DOWN—SPOTTING THE M.G. IT CAME
WIDE OPEN—STRAIGHT FOR THE TRAP!!



DOWN IT WENT—BUT WITH A DE-
VISE ON THE REAR—IT
PUSHED ITSELF RIGHT OUT AGAIN!

ON MY WAY
BACK FROM WATCH-
ING OUR
FAILURE—I
PASSED A SNIP-
ER.
HE HAD ALL
THE COMFORTS
OF HOME—
SPREAD AR-
ROUND HIM
AND HE DID-
N'T SEEM TO
CARE MUCH
ABOUT TAK-
ING COVER.



I GOT CUR-
IOUS, SO STOP-
PED TO TALK
TO HIM.
WHAT HE
ANSWERED-
HIT ME LIKE
A BOMB SHELL
HERE WAS
A PLAN ALL
FIXED UP
BY A SMART
SOLDIER!!



OH, I'M SAFE SIR,
BY USING THAT
OLD BUILDING
UP THERE AS
A SHIELD, THEY
THINK THAT.



LIEUTENANT MOORE—
SCOTT—O'HARA—
HEY SMITTY—
FRONT AND
CENTER!!!

I RAN ALL THE
WAY BACK TO
MY QUARTERS—
NO TIME TO LOSE!

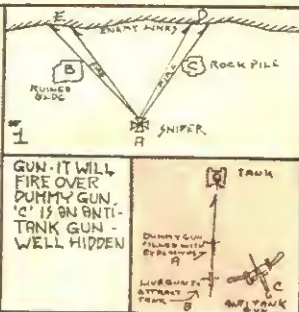


MOORE—YOU GET AN OLD
MACHINE-GUN—TAKE THE BARREL
OUT AND PACK THE WATER JACKET
WITH HE—ETC-----

BY DAWN
OUR LITTLE
GADGET WAS
ALL SET—
OUR M.G.
WAS PACKED
WITH HIGH
EXPLOSIVE
AND A DE-
TONATOR—
IF AND
WHEN OUR
FRIEND
HIT IT—!!!



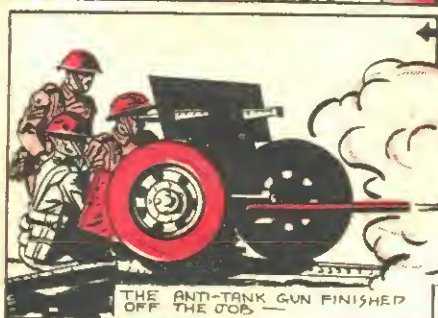
HERE IS THE
SET UP - 1. IS
THE SYSTEM
USED BY THE
SNIPER - HE IS
AT A - FIRES
RIGHT BY B & C - HITTING
LINE & P.
ENEMY FIRES
AT B & C THINK
IS AT THESE. WE
USED
SAME IDEA.
A IS DUMMY
GUN, WITH
EXPLOSIVES,
B A LIVE
GUN.



GUN - IT WILL
FIRE OVER
DUMMY GUN.
'C' IS AN ANTI-
TANK GUN -
WELL HIDDEN



INSIDE THE
TANK



THE TANK TOOK IT GOOD LINE AND SINKER -
THE EXPLOSION TOOK OFF THE LEFT TREADS,
HALTING IT FOR GOOD. OUR GUN CREW
TOOK A BAD BEATING -



CLEVER CLUES



TRAILED DOWN!

WHEN THE WHOOSTOWN BANK WAS ROBBED, THE BANDITS ESCAPED WITH THE LOOT, BUT LEFT ONE WOOL MITTEN. A REPORTER HEARD SHERIFF SAYSECH'S STORY, WHEN HE STARTED ON THE TRAIL IT WAS 12 BELOW ZERO. AFTER SLIDING THEIR MUZZLES IN THE SNOW FOR AN HOUR, BOTH THE BLOOD HOUNDS FROZE THEIR NOSES BUT URGING THEM ON THEY CONTINUED TO FOLLOW THE SCENT AND I CAPTURED THE ROBBERS. "HA, HA!", LAUGHED THE REPORTER. "O.K. FOR STORY, BUT YOU'RE SPOOFING SHERIFF. HOW DID HE KNOW?"

THREATENED KIDNAPING!

A MYSTERIOUS CALL WAS RECEIVED BY GLENDA LANE, THE NIECE OF A WEALTHY MERCHANT, HER ONLY LIVING RELATIVE. SHE WAS PUZZLED AND CALLED HER UNCLE AT ONCE.

HE QUIETED HER FEARS, SAYING, "MEET ME AT ONCE!" GLENDA HURRIED FROM THE HOUSE. SHE SAW A FAMILIAR FIGURE APPROACHING, BELIEVING THAT HER UNCLE HAD LEFT HIS OFFICE TO MEET HER, SHE STARTED TOWARD HIM—THEN STOPPED, AS SHE REMEMBERED THAT HER UNCLE ALWAYS CARRIED HIS CANE IN HIS LEFT HAND. SHE HURRIED ACROSS THE STREET TO A POLICE OFFICER. LOOK AT THE PICTURE—WHY DID SHE SUSPECT THE MAN—

ANSWER—THE REPORTER KNEW THAT WHEN ANY DOGS NOSE IS FROZEN IT LOSES THE POWER OF SCENT.

DEAREST—WHEN WILL THERE BE ONLY 25 LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET?

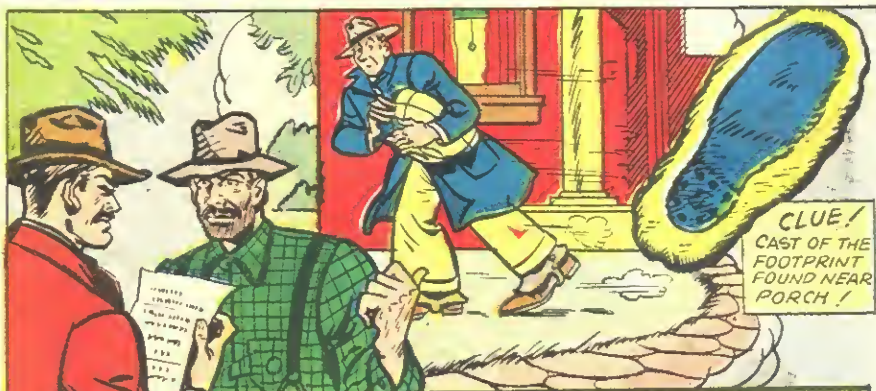
YES DEAR, YES!

A YOUNG DETECTIVE ASKED HIS SWEETHEART THE ABOVE QUESTION—SHE ANSWERED, "YES." THEY WERE MARRIED THE NEXT DAY. HOW DID SHE KNOW THAT HE WAS PROPOSING?

ANSWER—OH, BOY! HIS GIRL KNEW THE ANSWER. THERE WILL BE 25 LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET WHEN YOU AND I ARE ONE!

ANSWER—THE MAN IS CARRYING HIS CANE IN HIS RIGHT HAND. GLENDA KNEW THE METHUEN HABITS OF HER UNCLE. THE MAN WAS DISGUISED IN A POSTER.

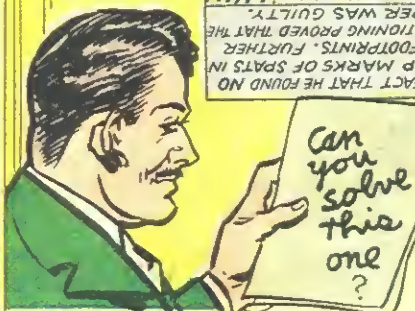
CLEVER CLUES



CLUE!
CAST OF THE
FOOTPRINT
FOUND NEAR
PORCH!

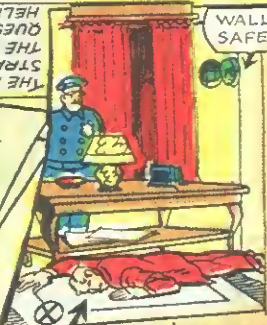
BOMB! THE FAMOUS PRIVATE SLEUTH, BLAIR DARRELL, WAS CALLED TO THE HOME OF A FARMER FRIEND. A BOMB HAD BEEN FOUND ON THE DOORSTEP. BEING QUICK-WITTED, THE FARMER HAD PLACED IT IN A PAIL OF WATER AT ONCE. THE FARMER'S HELPER, WHEN QUESTIONED, CLAIMED THAT, A SHORT TIME BEFORE HE SAW A YOUNG MAN CARRYING THE PACKAGE, BUT PAID LITTLE ATTENTION EXCEPT THAT, "HE NOTICED THAT THE MAN WORE SPATS." STUDYING CASTS OF THE ONLY FOOTPRINTS FOUND NEAR THE PORCH, DETECTIVE DARRELL DECIDED THAT THE HELPER WAS MISTAKEN OR INVOLVED. **WHY? ANSWER BELOW.**

THE FACT THAT HE FOUND NO STRAP MARKS OF SPATS IN THE FOOTPRINTS. FURTHER QUESTIONING PROVED THAT THE HELPER WAS GUILTY.



A BOLD ROBBERY HAD BEEN COMMITTED. TWO SUSPECTS, LOOKING FURTIVELY FROM SIDE TO SIDE, WALKED HURRIEDLY THROUGH THE PARK. ONE WAS THE FATHER OF THE OTHER'S SON. WHAT RELATION WERE THEY TO EACH OTHER?

ANSWER - THE TWO WERE MAN AND WIFE.



WALL-SAFE

WHERE GLASS WAS FOUND

BODY FOUND HERE

A FRANTIC CALL URGES THE POLICE TO RUSH AID TO THE HOME OF A RICH BROKER. UPON ARRIVING A BUTLER NERVOUSLY RELATES, "MR. JONES JUST COMMITTED SUICIDE. HE DRANK THE POISON IN THE BATHROOM, PUT DOWN THE GLASS, THEN WALKED DOWNSTAIRS WHERE HE DROPPED DEAD. EXAMINATION SHOWED THAT THE GLASS HAD CONTAINED CYANIDE POTASSIUM. WHY DID THE POLICE KNOW THAT THE BUTLER'S STORY WAS UNTRUE?"

ANSWER - AFTER DRINKING CYANIDE POTASSIUM THE VICTIM WOULD COLLAPSE ON THE SPOT.

DEAN MASTERS

"CROOKS CAN'T DREAM"

D.A.



WELL, MR. MASTERS, I'VE ARRANGED FOR THE LITTLE FELLOW TO HAVE A HOME--- WHERE HE WON'T HAVE TO KNOW ABOUT ME AND HIS MOTHER---

GOOD FOR YOU, DAPPER... AND NOW YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT?

Beane Smith

YEA-- WHEN HIS MOTHER GETS OUT OF PRISON SHE'S GOING TO LAY OFF THE CRIME--- IT'S TOO IMPORTANT... TO HIM... TO THE LITTLE FELLOW...



THAT'S SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF, DAPPER-- YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES

AS DAPPER REACHES THE STREET

HELLO, DAPPER... SAY, KID... I GOT A HEAT JOB LINED UP... NEED YOU... YOU'RE THE BEST SAFE MAN IN THE RACKET

COUNT ME OUT, BACCO. I'M ON THE STRAIGHT... ON ACCOUNT OF THE LITTLE FELLOW



SAY... WHO GAVE YOU YOUR START? IT AIN'T SAFE TO CROSS UP MIKE BACCO

SO LONG, MIKE... I AIN'T CROSSING YOU BUT... DON'T COUNT ON ME...



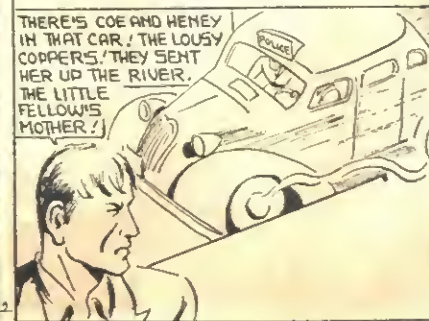
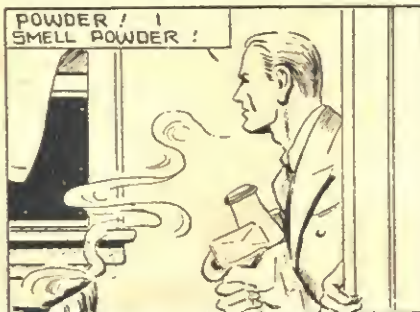
TWO NIGHTS LATER CARLIN CO., JEWELERS ARE ROBBED. MASTERS AND CHIEF JONES INVESTIGATE

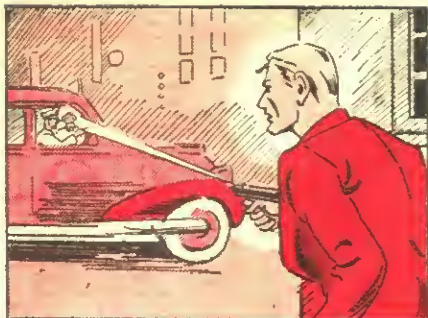
WHEN I ARRIVED ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND IN DIAMONDS WERE GONE

I'VE AN ALARM OUT FOR A LITTLE GUY NAMED DAPPER MALONE



THAT SAME NIGHT DAPPER RETURNS FROM VISITING THE LITTLE FELLOW'S MOTHER AT PRISON





WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE, COE!

I'LL SWING AROUND, HENNEY, SO I CAN GET A BEAD ON WHO EVER DID IT!

DON'T USE THE TOMMY GUN, HENNEY--- YOU MIGHT STRIKE SOME PEDESTRIANS

KNOW WHO IT IS. COE? IT'S DAPPER!

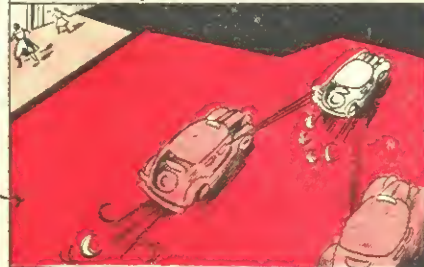


DAPPER HAILS A COP --

WEST SIDE AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

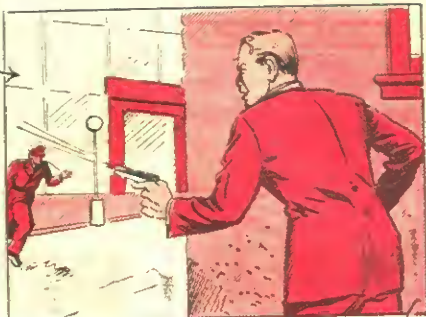


50-60-70 MILES AN HOUR! MORE POLICE CARS JOIN THE CHASE.

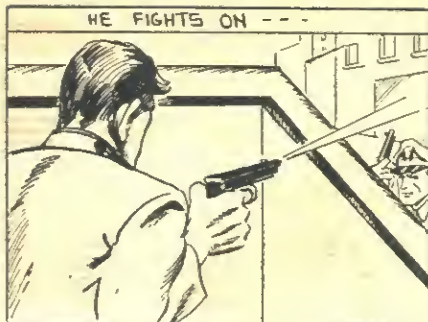


ON THE WEST SIDE DAPPER SPRINGS TO THE CURB -





HE FIGHTS ON ---



AND THEN REELS FORWARD, TRYING TO ESCAPE



TO THE COTTONWOOD, A SECOND RATE HOTEL
HOTEL COTTONWOOD



UNSEEN, HE STUMBLES UP THE STAIRS



DAPPER / WELL,
A PLEASANT
SURPRISE !

BACCO !

YOU RAT BACCO!
YOU KILLED THE
LITTLE FELLOW

YEAH--- YOU CAN'T
FOOL AROUND AND
DITCH MIKE BACCO--



GET YOUR
HANDS
UP



THE COPS! SO YOU
SQUEALED DAPPER, YOU
YELLOW DOG!



LET HIM HAVE IT AND THEN GET OUT THE
FIRE ESCAPE!
YEAH DAPPER-THIS IS FROM
THE CHIEF



THANKS... BACCO...
THIS IS FOR YOU...
FROM THE LITTLE
FELLOW!

DOOR'S LOCKED--- WE'LL
HAVE TO BLAST THE LOCK!



THIS LOOKS LIKE A
SLAUGHTER HOUSE..BACCO...
DAPPER'S TRAIL OF BLOOD
LED US RIGHT TO BACCO'S
DOOR!

DAPPER CAME HERE FOR
PROTECTION AND IT LOOKS LIKE
HE GOT HIS... BACCO MUST'VE
BEEN AFTER HIM...



GUESS I'LL CALL
MASTERS AND HAVE HIM
COME UP- HE HAD AN
INTEREST IN DAPPER -

HE MAY HAVE BEEN A GOOD
SAFE MAN, MR. MASTERS,
BUT DAPPER SURE WAS A
LOUSY SHOT, HE DIDN'T HIT
A SINGLE
COP



JUST LEARNED HIS
KID WAS KILLED,
COE. IT WASN'T BAD
SHOOTING...
DAPPER
WAS
LEADING
YOU TO
BACCO'S
WIDEOUT...
REVENGE
FOR BACCO'S
MURDER OF
THE LITTLE
FELLOW

CYANIDE CYNIC

It Was The Cyanide Poison
That Spilled The Story To
The Private Detective!

A Short Detective Story
By David C. Cooke



KURT RAND, private dick of the Forster, Rand, and McCormick Syndicate, was sitting peacefully in his office, calmly reading a copy of the latest detective magazine. He had his number ten shoes propped up in a comfortable position on top of his desk, and a big black cigar was protruding from between his lips. He had been in that position for hours, engrossed in the "Murder by Proxy" story that he was reading. Then, suddenly, he sprang into action as the telephone on his desk buzzed merrily.

"Yeah?" he barked into the mouthpiece.
"Rand speaking."

Then the person at the other end of the wire spoke excitedly.

"Quick, Mr. Rand. Come over to the Hoskins estate. My step-father's been murdered! I don't know who did it or how, but please come quickly!"

Rand answered that he would, and placed the receiver on its hook. He carefully folded down the page that he had been reading, stuck a pistol into his arm-pit holster, and rushed from the office.

RAND arrived at the Hoskins estate a few moments later, and was ushered into the old man's room by the highly-excited Alf Huber, Hoskins' step-son. He lifted the dead man's eye-lids, peered at the eye-balls intently, and then stepped back. He then examined the corpse's hands and neck, looking for signs of violence. Finding none, he turned to Huber, and asked:

"What makes you believe that he was murdered? It looks like natural death to me."

Huber wrung his hands in anxiety. "I'm positive it was murder, Mr. Rand," he said. "Why only a couple of hours ago, my step-father was in the best of spirits. In fact, we were planning to go away on a vacation tomorrow; had everything all set for the trip."

"I see," answered Rand. "Do you have any idea who would have wanted to kill Hoskins? Did he have any enemies that you know of?"

Huber shook his head. "No, none that I know of. But, of course, he might have had plenty. I didn't know very much about his outside affairs."

"Have you considered the suicide angle?" asked Rand, trying to cover every angle. "Could it have been that his Stock wasn't doing so well, and he took the easy way out?"

"No!" exclaimed Huber. "He would have been the last one to try anything like that. And his business was coming along very well. In fact, he cleared over ten-thousand only the other day on a deal he had been working on. I'm sure that it wasn't suicide—it was murder!"

Rand shrugged his shoulders in doubt. "Maybe," he said. "Mind if I take a look around? It's quite possible that the murderer—if there was one—left a clue of some sort around the house that I'll be able to work on."

"Certainly not," came the reply. "The house is open to you."

Rand started to walk toward the door of the bedroom, stopped, and asked: "Say, why didn't you notify the police instead of me? They're the ones who should have been told, you know."

"I know," answered Huber, following Rand. "But I wanted to keep this as quiet as possible until I learn definitely whether it was murder or not. Of course, I'm sure, but I want to be *positive*."

Rand nodded his head, walked from the room.

"WAIT here in the library for me," instructed Rand when they reached the ground floor. "If you don't mind, I'd rather look over the house alone."

Huber gave his consent, sat down on an overstuffed Chesterfield to wait.

Presently, the detective came back, a satisfied look on his face. And when he entered the library, Huber sprang to his feet, and demanded: "Did you find anything, Mr. Rand? Were there any clues that you'll be able to work on?"

Rand shook his head. "No," he said, "no clues." He paused a moment, and then continued: "But I did find concrete proof!"

Huber started, "What!" he exclaimed. "Who did it, and what did you find?"

Rand rested his arm on the side of the Chesterfield, looked Huber straight in the eyes. "Nice acting, Huber," he said. "But you know you're guilty! Might as well come clean, or it'll be tougher on you later."

Huber jumped up from the Chesterfield. "That's absurd," he screamed at the detective. "What would I, of all people, have wanted to kill him for? Why, he gave me everything I ever wanted."

"That's just the trouble," answered Rand. "He gave you everything you wanted—and you still wanted more. You knew that you were the sole heir to his fortune, and wanted to get him out of the way as soon as possible. You wanted everything for yourself."

Huber's eyes became wild with fury. He threw himself at the detective, tried to hit him with a solid punch. But soft living had taken all the starch out of Huber's muscles, and Rand shoved him back onto the Chesterfield. He then took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, snapped them about Huber's wrists.

"You would probably have got away with it, Huber," Rand said as he led the killer from the room, "but you messed up on one little detail. You forgot that cyanide would kill vegetable life as well as human beings. And when you threw the left-over poison out into the back-yard, it killed the plants in the garden. Next time, try to remember to throw it down the sink."

"Next time," said Huber gloomily, "if there is a next time, I'll drink the stuff myself!"

The End

DAN DENNIS

F · B · I

by Gilman



THE GHETTO...

...SCENE OF THE NATION'S WORST LIVING CONDITIONS... WHERE LARGE FAMILIES LIVE IN CRAMPED QUARTERS - WHERE THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUNDS ARE THE DIRTY STREETS - AND WHERE POOR MERCHANTS BARELY EXIST BY PEDDLING THEIR WARES ON PUSHCARTS... A LARGE CAR SPEEDS THROUGH THE NARROW STREET - THE REAR BUMPER CATCHES ON A CORNER OF ONE OF THE PUSHCARTS AND SENDS IT SPINNING... THE PEDDLER LOOKS ON HELPLESSLY AS THE CONTENTS GO FLYING IN ALL DIRECTIONS!!



THE OFFICER AT THE END OF THE STREET TURNS HIS BACK AND WALKS QUIETLY AWAY...

SAY DAN, THAT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT TO ME!

AND LOOK - THE OFFICER IS WALKING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION!



DAN AND TICK WITNESS THE EPISODE!

THEY RUIN MY BUSINESS! I DON'T BOTHER NOBODY - I AM HONEST MAN! THEY WANT MONEY FOR NOTHING!!

WHO WANTS YOUR MONEY?



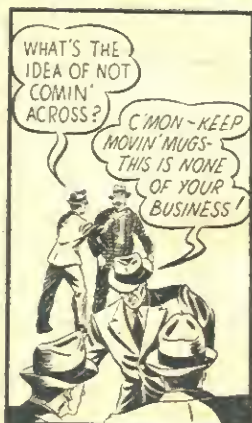
THE MEN IN THE CAR? - THEY SAY THEY GIVE ME PROTECTION IF I GIVE THEM MONEY - I DON'T NEED PROTECTION, SO I DON'T GIVE MONEY! - THEN THEY DRIVE BY AND SPOIL MY BUSINESS!!



WHY DON'T YOU CALL A POLICEMAN, WHEN THEY COME AROUND?

POLICEMAN!! THE COP IS NEVER AROUND WHEN THEY COME!







SEEING DAN'S FLIGHT, TICK SNAPS A SHOT
AT THE CROOK AND



WINGS HIM IN THE HAND!



THE OFFICER ON THE BEAT RUNS TO THE
SCENE, ON HEARING THE SHOOTING!! -



OFFICER, I WANT
THESE TWO MEN
PLACED UNDER
ARREST!



WILL YOU APPEAR
AS WITNESS
AGAINST THESE
TWO MEN?

THEY KILL ME! -
I'M A MARRIED
MAN! - I
DON'T WANT
TROUBLE!

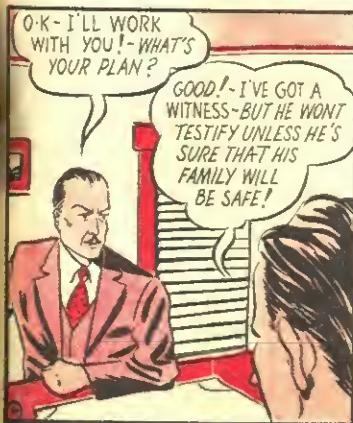
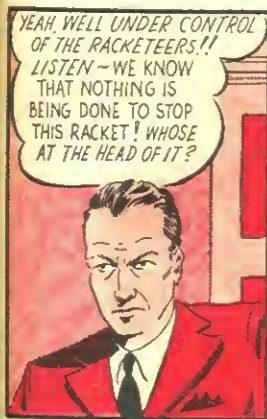


IF WE MADE
SURE THAT
NOTHING
WOULD HAPPEN
TO YOU OR YOUR
FAMILY -
WOULD YOU
HELP US
THEN?

YES!



C'MON, TICK -
WE'RE GOING
TO VISIT
THE D.A.







ONE OF THE THUGS SNEAKS BEHIND DAN, AND DIVES FOR HIM!



DAN SHIFTS SLIGHTLY, AND THE THUG LANDS ON BOSS NOLAN!



HELLO-D A -SEND YOUR MEN UP TO NOLAN'S APARTMENT AND HURRY!

TICK GETS TO THE PHONE AND CALLS THE D.A.



THIS'LL FIX YOU, SO YOU WON'T USE THAT PHONE AGAIN!

TICK IS DISCOVERED AT THE PHONE!...



YEAH, AND YOU WON'T USE THAT GUN AGAIN, EITHER!

DAN SPIES THE CROOK JUST IN TIME AND SAVES TICK!



AS THE CROOK FALLS, THE POLICE ARRIVE AND TAKE OVER THE SITUATION!



I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, PALMER!- I'LL FIX IT, SO YOU'LL NEVER HOLD OFFICE IN THIS TOWN AGAIN!!

I'M AFRAID THAT WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO DO ANY MORE FIXING!



THERE! THAT'S WORTH MORE VOTES THAN ALL OF NOLAN'S DOUGH!

FOLLOW DAN DENNIS EACH MONTH IN "KEEN DETECTIVE FUNNIES"

HOW to be an Amateur G-MAN!

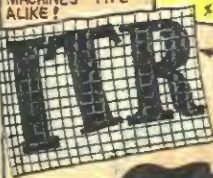
THIS IS — LESSON #8

OF OUR ANTI-
CRIME SERIES,
DESIGNED TO
ACQUAINT YOU
WITH FACTS
ABOUT CRIME
AND METHODS
OF COMBATING
IT!!

DR. FRED WOOD.



TYPEWRITING
IS LIKE FINGER-
PRINTS — NO TWO
MACHINES TYPE
ALIKE!



NOTICE HOW
EASY IT IS TO
SEE WHICH
LETTERS ARE
LARGER OR OUT
OF SHAPE. (TAKE
SOME SAMPLE
TYPE FROM A
MACHINE AND
PUT IT THROUGH
THIS TEST!!)

MR. RHEA WHITLEY
OF THE F.B.I. REPORTED
THAT THE ANNUAL
COST OF CRIME IN
THE U.S.A. IS ABOUT
**FIFTEEN BILLION
DOLLARS !!**



U.S.
IS BILLION
DOLLAR CRIME
INDUSTRY.

STEEL MINING FARMING

THOMAS E.
DEWEY

NEW YORK CITY'S
FAMOUS RACKET
PROSECUTOR, THOUGH
ONE OF THE UNDER-
WORLD'S WORST
ENEMIES — IS
OPPOSED TO
CAPITAL PUNISH-
MENT AND THE
THIRD
DEGREE.

THE QUESTION BOX —

● HOW MANY POLICE WOMEN
ARE THERE IN THE U.S.A. ?
(ANSWERS NEXT MONTH)

THE HUGE ANNUAL IN-
COME OF CRIMINALS FAR
EXCEEDS THAT OF ANY
LARGE INDUSTRY, IT CAN
THEREFORE BE SAID THAT
CRIME IS AMERICA'S LARGEST INDUSTRY!!

A G-MAN IS ARMED WITH MANY
TRICKS TO HELP HIM FIGHT CRIME
— ONE OF THEM IS TO IDENTIFY
THE TYPE OF TYPE-WRITTEN
THREATENING LETTERS!
HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE —

THE G-MEN TAKE THE
THREATENING LETTER AND
PUT A SHEET OF LINED
CELLULOID OVER IT. WHEN
THEY INSPECT THE TYPE,
THEY WILL NOTICE ALL
IT'S IMPERFECTIONS, AND
MAKE A RECORD OF
THEM. AFTER THAT THEY
GET SAMPLE TYPE FROM
EVERY MACHINE IT MIGHT
HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ON.

WHEN THEY TAKE SAMPLE
TYPE FROM SUSPICIOUS
TYPEWRITERS, THEY MERE-
LY TYPE OUT THE ALPHA-
BET LIKE THIS:

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
1234567890
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

How to be an Amateur g-man

by FRED WOOD

EVERY MONTH WE SUPPLY YOU WITH A CASE TO SOLVE.

(THEY ARE DESIGNED TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO TEST YOUR SKILL AS AN AMATEUR G-MAN!)

HELLO? F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS? — I'VE BEEN ROBBED! — I ALSO RECEIVED A THREATENING LETTER!!



RELAX! I'LL SEND OVER A MAN RIGHT AWAY!

I'M FROM THE F.B.I. — WHAT'S GOING ON HERE BUTLER?



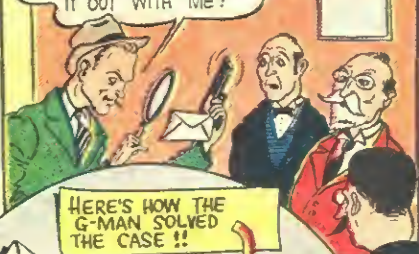
SOMEONE STOLE THE MASTER'S PRICELESS EGYPTIAN RING FROM KING TUT'S EXHIBIT IN THE LIBRARY!

YES! — HERE'S THE LETTER WHICH WAS SENT TO ME AFTER THE THEFT! — IT THREATENS TO DESTROY THE RING UNLESS I MAIL THEM \$50,000! — I CAN'T PAY IT!!

THE ACME MUSEUM IS WILLING TO PAY IT! THE RING HAS TOO MUCH HISTORICAL VALUE — IT MUST NOT BE HARMED!



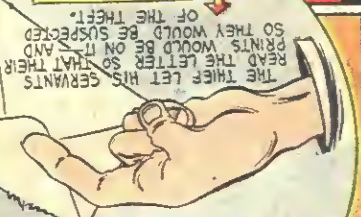
ONE OF YOUR SERVANTS IS PROBABLY GUILTY. BECAUSE I CAN'T FIND ANY STRANGE FINGER-PRINTS ON THE LETTER OR ENVELOPE! — BUT WAIT — IT'LL ONLY TAKE A SECOND TO PROVE WHO IS GUILTY! THE CROOK BETTER HAVE HIS GUN READY IN CASE HE WANTS TO SHOOT IT OUT WITH ME!



HERE'S HOW THE G-MAN SOLVED THE CASE!!

HOLY SMOKE! — SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO COMMITTED THE CRIME! SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD COLLECT \$50,000 RANDOM, \$10,000 INSURANCE — AND LATER SELL THE RING TO SOME CROOKED OUTFIT — EH?

I-I - CONFESS! — B-BUT HOW DID YOU DISCOVER ALL THIS?



THE THIEF LET HIS SERVANTS READ THE LETTER SO THAT THEIR FINGER-PRINTS WOULD BE ON IT — AND SO THEY WOULD BE SUSPECTED OF THE THEFT.

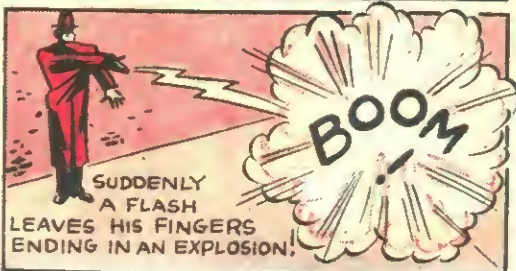
THE G-MAN LOOSENED THE ENVELOPE'S GLUED — DOWN FLAP! — NO ONE BUT THE THIEF WHO SENT THE LETTER COULD LEAVE PRINTS UNDER IT!!

THIS AND THOUSANDS OF OTHER SOLVED CRIMES PROVE THAT — **CRIME DOESN'T PAY!**

TNT T ODD

The amazing story
of one man's fight
against evil!

ALWAYS IN SEARCH OF NEW
WEAPONS FOR HIS BATTLE AGAINST
CRIME, TODD, A G-MAN, IS IN
HIS LABORATORY EXPERIMENTING
WITH DIFFERENT COMPOUNDS
LITTLE SUSPECTING THAT HIS
LABORS ARE TO CULMINATE IN
THE MOST ASTONISHING INCIDENT
IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND!



REALIZING THAT HE HAS STUMBLED INTO A MOST AMAZING DISCOVERY, G-MAN TODD ASKS FOR A LEAVE OF ABSENCE!

OKAY, TODD! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT BUT, OKAY!



TNT TODD FINDS THAT BY INHALING 'THE' PURPLE GAS HE CAN HURL DESTRUCTION AT WILL!

A LITTLE MORE PRACTICE AND I'LL BE ABLE TO HIT A DIME A MILE AWAY!



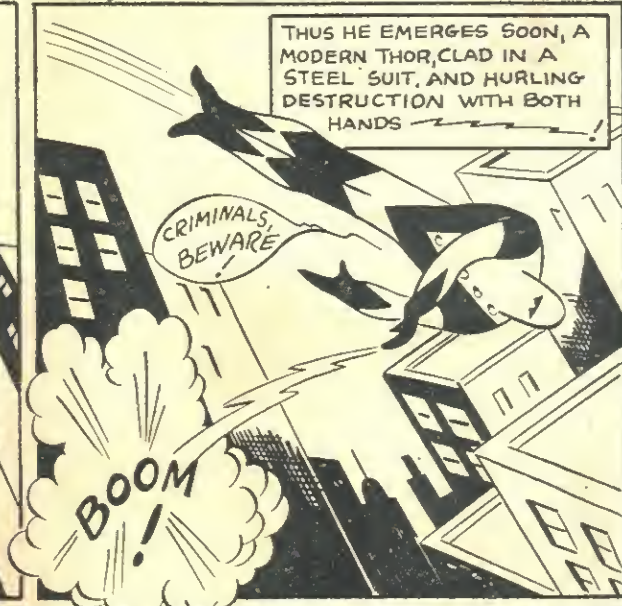
HE DISCOVERS ALSO THAT THE EXPLOSIVE POWER OF THE PURPLE GAS WILL PROPEL HIM GREAT DISTANCES!



THUS HE EMERGES SOON, A MODERN THOR, CLAD IN A STEEL SUIT, AND HURLING DESTRUCTION WITH BOTH HANDS!

CRIMINALS, BEWARE!

BOOM!



MILES AWAY, IN ANOTHER CITY, AN EVIL SCHEME IS BEING HATCHED!

BRING THE BOYS INTO THE BACK ROOM!

WELL, BOYS, WE'RE ROBBING THE U.S. MINT!

WHAT!

GEE, BOSS, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!





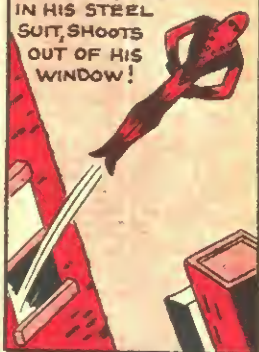
IT'S EASY! WE'LL
SMASH THE MINT
FOR BLOCKS AROUND
WITH BOMBS AND
POISON GAS—THEN
WE WALK IN
WITH GAS-MASKS
FOR THE GOLD!

A SHORT TIME
LATER—THE
F.B.I. CHIEF—

HELLO, TODD—
WE'VE JUST
GOT A TIP OF
A RAID ON THE
U.S. MINT! YOU'LL
HAVE TO CUT
YOUR VACATION
SHORT, AND---



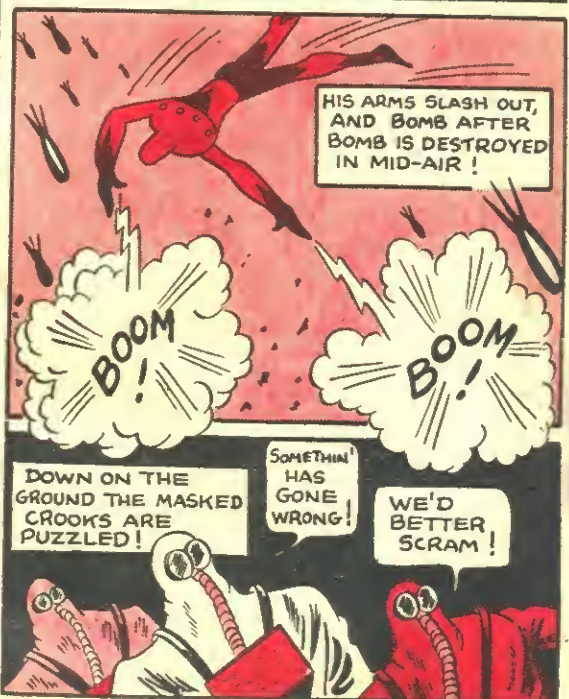
BUT BEFORE HIS
CHIEF CAN FINISH
TNT TODD, CLAD
IN HIS STEEL
SUIT, SHOOTS
OUT OF HIS
WINDOW!



THE
BOMBS
HAVE
ALREADY
STARTED
TO FALL!
WILL THE
MINT BE
SMASHED
TO BITS?
IS
TNT TODD
TOO
LATE?



ON HE COMES, FLYING AT TERRIFIC SPEED!

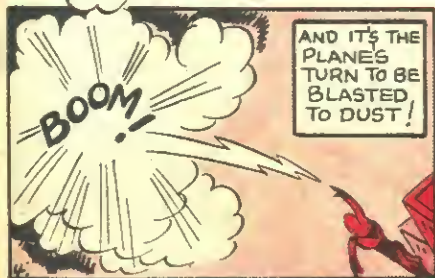


HIS ARMS SLASH OUT,
AND BOMB AFTER
BOMB IS DESTROYED
IN MID-AIR!

DOWN ON THE
GROUND THE MASKED
CROOKS ARE
PUZZLED!

SOMETHIN'
HAS
GONE
WRONG!

WE'D
BETTER
SCRAM!



HE FLEES TO
THE ROOF OF THE
BUILDING!



ON A LEDGE
BELOW,
TNT HAS
STOPPED
TO REST
UNAWARE
OF THE
MAN
ABOVE!



CURSE YOU!
YOU
BLASTED
MEDDLER



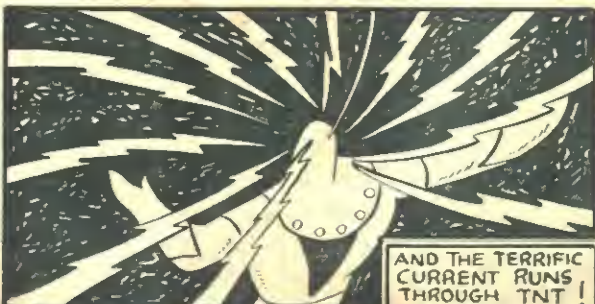
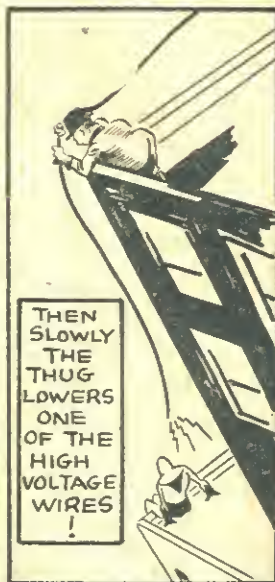
THEN THE THUG
MAKES A
DISCOVERY



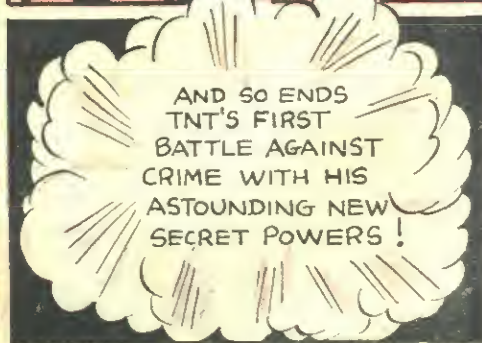
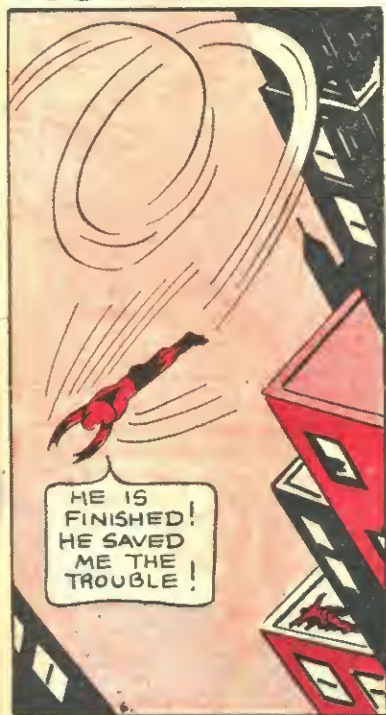
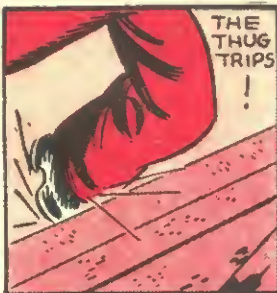
I'LL COOK
HIS
CARCASS
WELL!
DONE!



THEN
SLOWLY
THE
THUG
LOWERS
ONE OF
THE
HIGH
VOLTAGE
WIRES



AND THE TERRIFIC
CURRENT RUNS
THROUGH TNT!



SPARK O'LEARY

RADIO NEWSHAWK



BY CHAS. PEARSON

SPARK IS BROADCASTING OF A RUMOR THE POLICE HAVE UNEARTHED... -A BAND OF CRIMINALS ARE PLANNING TO DESTROY ALL RADIO STATIONS IN AN ATTEMPT TO SET UP A DICTATORSHIP

-THEY WOULD THEN FILL THE AIR WITH PROPAGANDA HOPING TO HOODWINK THE PEOPLE...



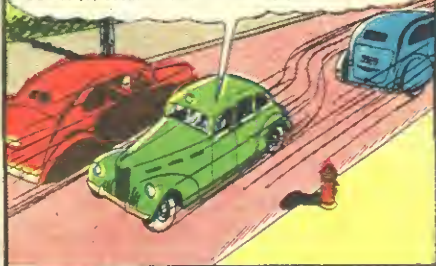
SPARK! YOU'RE OFF THE AIR...OUR TRANSMITTERS HAVE BEEN BLOWN UP!



THEY'VE ACTUALLY DONE IT...I'M GOING OUT TO THE WRECKAGE WITH THE POLICE CHIEF AND SEE IF THEY LEFT ANY CLUES!



THEY'VE SILENCED EVERY BIG STATION IN THE COUNTRY, SPARK...THIS IS A SERIOUS SITUATION!



I DOUBT IF ANYONE IS GOING TO FIND CLUES IN THAT PILE OF JUNK...BUT IT WILL BE BAD IF WE CAN'T GET RADIO PROGRAMS BACK ON THE AIR IN A HURRY!



LOOK! OUR BATTLESHIPS HAVE POWERFUL TRANSMITTERS! I'M SURE IN THIS EMERGENCY THE GOVERNMENT WOULD BE WILLING TO HAVE THEM USED BY RADIO STATIONS!



THE GOVERNMENT, ANXIOUS TO CAPTURE THE CRIMINALS, PLACES ITS BATTLESHIPS STRATEGICALLY TO BE USED BY COMMERCIAL BROADCASTERS!



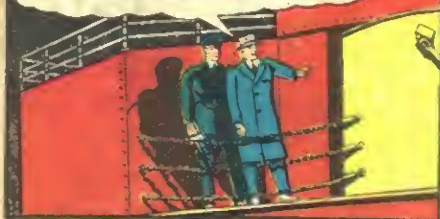
IN THE OFFICE OF THE CRIME LEADER

THESE WARSHIPS ARE RUINING OUR CHANCES...SO WE'RE GOING TO SINK THEM...WE'LL USE SMALL TORPEDO BOATS AND ATTACK DURING THE NIGHT!



THAT NIGHT SPARK IS TALKING WITH ONE OF THE GUARDS ON ONE OF THE SHIPS

SAY LOOK AT THAT BOAT OUT THERE...IT'S GOING TOO FAST FOR ANY OF THE REGULAR HARBOR CRAFT!



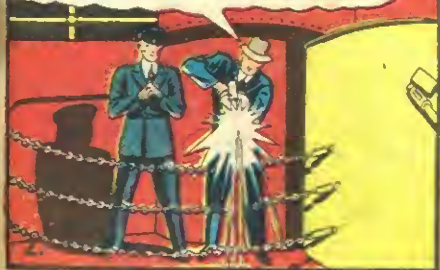
IT'S A TORPEDO BOAT! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!



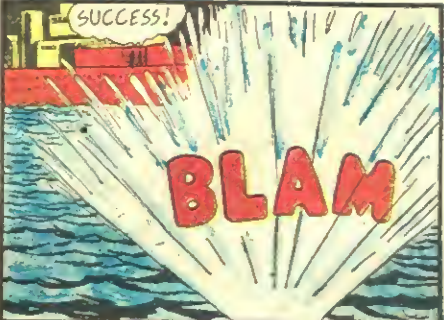
QUICK! GIVE ME THAT GUN!

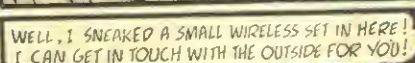
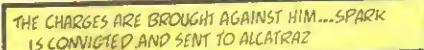
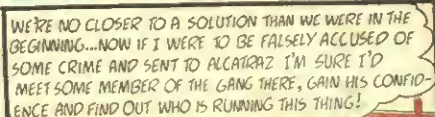
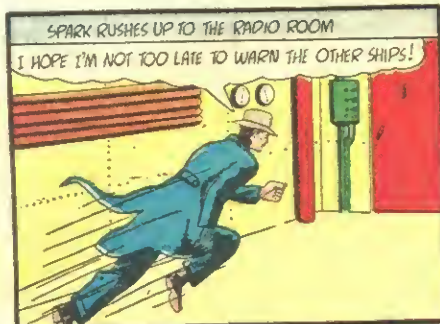


A FAST MOVING TORPEDO ISN'T THE BIGGEST TARGET IN THE WORLD...WELL, HERE'S HOPING I HIT IT!



SUCCESS!





THE GANGSTERS TELL SPARK WHO TO CONTACT
WITH THE WIRELESS

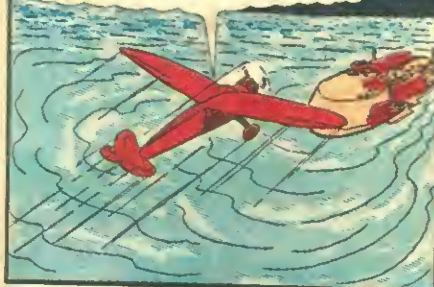
WE'LL SEND A PLANE OVER THE ISLAND TO LAY A
SMOKE SCREEN WHILE YOU'RE OUT EXERCISING...GET
ON THE WALL AND WE'LL DO THE REST!



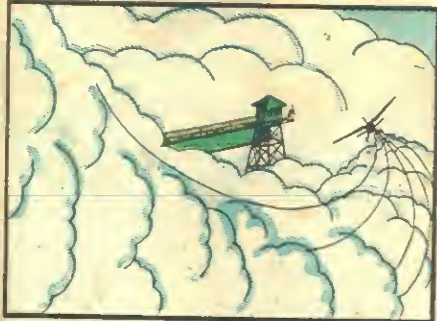
EVERYTHING'S SET FOR TOMORROW DURING
THE EXERCISE PERIOD!



O.K. WILLIE, START FEEDING THEM PEA SOUP!



AS SOON AS WE GET THIS STUFF DOWN THICK THE
AUTOGIRO WILL PICK THEM OFF THE WALL!



COME ON! LET'S GET ON THE WALL!



THERE THEY ARE...UP NEAR THE TOWER...SEE THEM?



OH BOY! THIS IS EASIER THAN PICKING A CIGAR
STORE INDIAN'S POCKETS!

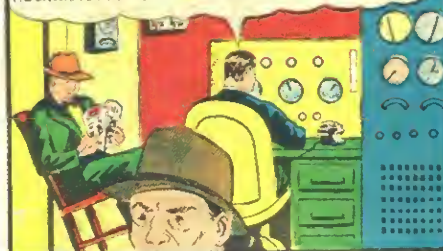


AT GANG HEADQUARTERS SPARK IS IMMEDIATELY TAKEN IN

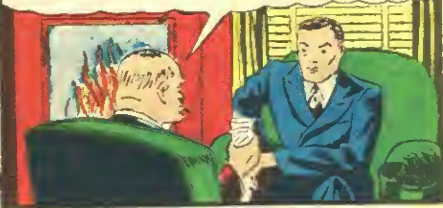
YOU'RE A NEW ONE TO US KID BUT WE'RE GLAD TO HAVE YOU... YOU WILL TAKE CHARGE OF OUR RADIO COMMUNICATION!



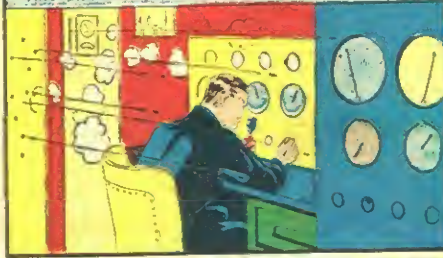
THESE TWO GUARDS WITH ME ALWAYS... I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO WARN THE POLICE AND IT'S ALMOST THE ZERO HOUR... I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING DESPERATE MYSELF!



THE FAILURE OF OUR RADIO CAMPAIGN HAS PUT US IN A TOUGH SPOT... WE'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING DESPERATE... WITH SURPRISE RAIDS WE'RE GOING TO CAPTURE ALL THE WEST COAST ARSENALS AND ALL THE BATTLESHIPS ON THE EAST COAST... AS CHIEF RADIO MAN YOU WILL SYNCHRONIZE BOTH ATTACKS!



SPARK, CATCHING BOTH CRIMINALS OFF GUARD, PUSHES THEM OUT OF THE ROOM, LOCKS THE DOOR AND STARTS TO RADIO THE POLICE...



BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

HAVEN'T HEARD FROM SPARK FOR A LONG TIME... WONDER HOW HE'S PROGRESSING!

WAIT, THE RADIO! IT'S SPARK!



THE GANG IS PLANNING RAIDS ON THE ARSENALS AND THE BATTLESHIPS... WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE!



HE'S STOPPED SENDING IN THE MIDDLE OF A SENTENCE! HE MUST BE IN TROUBLE!

WELL WE'VE GOT TO STOP THE RAIDS BEFORE WE GO TO HIS AID!



MACHINE GUNNERS ARE QUICKLY POSTED AT ALL THE ARSENALS

MUST BE EXPECTIN' SOMETHING... THE OFFICERS SURE LOOKED GRIM!



AND FLEETS OF PLANES FLY OVER THE BATTLESHIPS TO PROTECT THEM



WHILE THE PLANES EFFECTIVELY BREAK UP THE ATTACKS ON THE WARSHIPS



THE GANG'S SURPRISE ATTACKS AT THE ARSENALS ARE MET WITH A HAIL OF STEEL AND FLAME



THE MEMBERS OF THE GANG ARE EITHER KILLED OR CAPTURED AND THE THREAT OF DICTATORSHIP IS ENDED... POLICE TECHNICIANS HAVE LOCATED THE PLACE FROM WHERE SPARK SENT HIS RADIO MESSAGE



WE GOTTA SCRAM... HE'S A DETECTIVE OR SOMETHING... HE'S WARNED THE COPS AND THE JIG IS UP!

O.K. BUT FIRST LET'S SET THE BUILDING ON FIRE!



WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE THE PLACE IS A RAGING INFERNO



H'Y CHIEF, I UNDERSTAND THE GANG'S BEEN COMPLETELY CAPTURED! SWELL!

ONLY BECAUSE OF YOU... BUT SPARK HOW THE DICKENS DID YOU GET OUT OF THAT BLAZING BUILDING?



I LASSEED THE CHIMNEY OF AN ADJOINING BUILDING WITH A PIECE OF RADIO CABLE AND SWUNG MYSELF TO THE ROOF... NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME I'D LIKE TO GET BACK TO MY STATION!

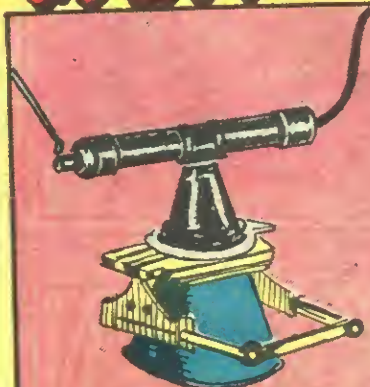


G-MEN ^{AT} WORK



J. EDGAR HOOVER

WHO HAS SOLVED 123 OF THE 126 KIDNAP CASES HE HAS HANDLED IN HIS FIRST 6 YEARS AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 G-MAN



NO LONGER MUST TICKING PACKAGES BE OPENED TO FIND OUT WHAT MAKES THEM TICK. THIS MACHINE USED BY G-MEN TAKES AN X-RAY PICTURE OF WHAT'S IN IT AND SAVES LIMBS OF DETECTIVES.

TELLTALE FINGERPRINTS, HITHERTO INVISIBLE, NOW ARE RECOVERED BY ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS -



A DETECTIVE SCANS A BLOOD STAINED SHIRT FOR FINGERPRINTS. THEY ARE NOT VISIBLE TO HIM EVEN THOUGH HE SEARCHES THROUGH A MICROSCOPE. ①



THE SHIRT IS THEN DIPPED IN A SILVER-NITRATE SOLUTION AND WHEN EXPOSED TO ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS THE HIDDEN FINGERPRINTS COME TO LIGHT. ②



THE PRINT IS THEN STUDIED, PHOTOGRAPHED AND COMPARED WITH FINGERPRINTS OF VARIOUS SUSPECTS. THE RESULT IS ALWAYS THE APPREHENSION OF THE GUILTY PARTY. ③



by
Frank
Thomas-

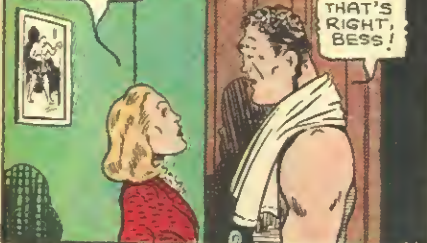
ALL MANKIND,
NO MATTER HOW
EVIL SOME MEN MAY BE, HAS
AN EVER-PRESENT CONSCIENCE!
THAT REBUKES HIS EVIL DEEDS!
SYMBOLIC OF THAT CONSCIENCE
IS THE EYE! - RISING TO UNBELIEV-
ABLE STRENGTH, THE EYE TRAVELS
AND DISTANCE AND STRIKES SUDDENLY!
THE EYE REJOICES AT THE PLIGHT
OF THE WRONG-DOER CAUGHT IN THE
TANGLED WEB OF HIS OWN DISHONESTY
AND DECEIT!
THE EYE!

HEY TINY! - YOUR
MISSUS IS OUT HERE!



TINY! - I'VE JUST FOUND OUT YOU SIGNED
FOR THAT MATCH WITH CHAMPION
KID WILSON!

THAT'S
RIGHT,
BESS!



-BUT YOU PROMISED YOU WOULDN'T! - YOU
KNOW WILSON IS USING YOU JUST TO HELP
HIM GET IN SHAPE FOR HIS FIGHT WITH
BUD SHAYNE NEXT MONTH!

I KNOW, BESS - LET'S
WAIT AND TALK IT
OVER TONIGHT -
I'LL BE HOME
ABOUT
SIX!



THE MISSUS SEEMS UPSET ABOUT YOUR
MEETING THE CHAMP - I DON'T BLAME HER!
-THEY'RE LIABLE TO BRING YOU HOME IN A
BOX! - YOU'VE HAD YOUR DAY, TINY - WHY
DON'T YOU QUIT THIS RACKET WHILE YOU CAN
STILL SEE STRAIGHT?!

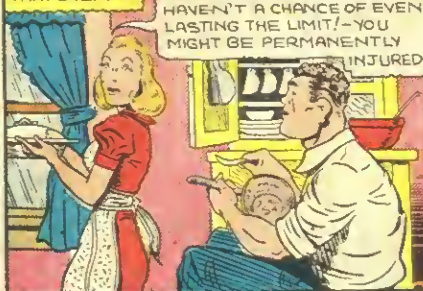
I NEED MONEY, JOE -
-FIGHTING IS THE ONLY
THING I KNOW! - THERE
IS NOTHING TO DO BUT
KEEP ON AS LONG AS
I CAN GET MATCHES! -

-I'LL BE
ALRIGHT!



P.1.

THAT EVENING-



-WILSON IS YOUNG AND STRONG - YOU HAVEN'T ANY BUSINESS IN THE RING WITH HIS KIND ANYMORE!



JEESEL!-YOU LOOKED BAD TODAY, KID! -EVERYBODY'S TALKIN'-IT'LL TAKE A LOT MORE THAN A WARM-UP BOUT WITH OLD TINY LONERGAN TO GET YOU PAST BUD SHAYNE! - GO GET YOUR SHOWER AND COME UP TO MY ROOM-WE GOTTA TALK THIS THING OVER!



AT POMPTOR LAKES, THE TRAINING SITE OF KID WILSON, WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, ALL IS NOT SATISFACTORY!

CONFIDENTIALLY, PICKLES, THE CHAMP LOOKS TERRIBLE!- HE'S SLOW AND HIS TIMING IS LOUSY!-I KNOW, THEY SAY BUD SHAYNE IS MURDERING HIS SPAR MATES!



NOW WE CAN TALK!- I GOT AN IDEA THAT'LL SAVE US OUR TITLE, KID!-SEE THIS BOTTLE?



IT'S A NEW KIND OF ETHER-AN ODORLESS ETHER-AND IT'S PLENTY POTENT!



DON'T BE SO SMART, WISE GUY!—WE'RE GOING TO GIVE BUD SHAYNE A DOSE OF THIS ETHER THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT!

HOW?

HERE'S HOW—I'LL POUR PART OF THIS BOTTLE INTO OUR WATER BUCKET AT THE END OF THE SECOND ROUND!—YOU STICK YOUR GLOVES INTO THE BUCKET REAL QUICK—LIKE—

NO—WE'LL PLUG YOUR NOSE WITH COTTON!

GEE, PICKLES!—YOU SURE GOT BRAINS!—THAT'S A PIP OF AN IDEA!

—AN' EN ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS GO OUT AND WAVE YOUR MITTS UNDER SHAYNE'S NOSE!—WE'LL GET HIM AS GROGGY AS NEW YEARS MORNING, —THEN YOU CAN FINISH HIM OFF!

WHAT ABOUT ME? —I'LL BE AS GROGGY FROM THE STUFF AS HE IS!

I DON'T SEE WHY IT WON'T WORK, BUT TO MAKE SURE, WE'RE GOING TO TRY IT ON TINY LONERGAN FIRST!

LONERGAN? —HE'S GROGGY WITHOUT ETHER!

I KNOW, BUT IF WE HAVE A REHEARSAL, THEN WE'LL BE SURE!

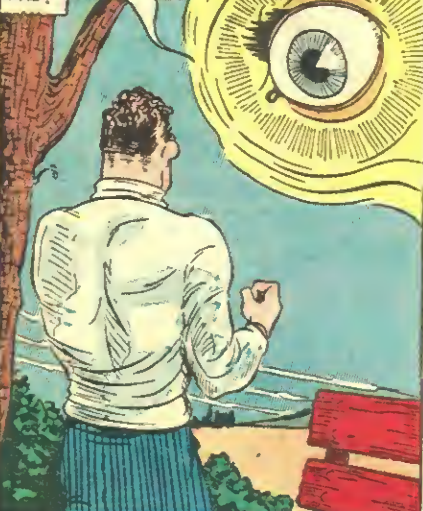
OKAY—BUT IT'S LIABLE TO KILL THE OLD TRIAL HORSE!

AND NOW, JOGGING THROUGH CENTRAL PARK IN THE COOL OF THE EARLY MORNING, WE FIND THE 'OLD TRIAL HORSE'!

WELL, TWO MORE DAYS 'TILL THE FIGHT! - MY LAST FIGHT! - BESS IS RIGHT, I'M WASHED UP! - BUT I'LL GIVE 'EM THE BEST I GOT! - I NEVER LAID DOWN IN A FIGHT YET - AND I'M NOT GOING TO START - WHAT'S THAT?



I AM THE EYE, TINY LONER CAN! - I COME AS YOUR FRIEND! - ACCEPT MY COUNSEL FOR THIS, YOUR LAST, FIGHT AND YOUR REWARD SHALL BE GREAT! - NOW LISTEN TO ME!



FIRST - STUFF YOUR NOSE WITH COTTON BEFORE ENTERING THE RING! - SECOND - SAVE YOUR STRENGTH AND LIE LOW THE FIRST TWO ROUNDS - AFTER THAT, CONCENTRATE ON JABS TO WILSON'S NOSE -!! - ONLY JABS TO THE NOSE - UNDERSTAND? - THAT'S ALL!



IT'S GONE! -

-WELL - I'LL BE -!
-HAVE I REALLY BECOME PUNCH-DRUNK AT LAST?
-NO - IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED!



-WAIT 'TILL I TELL BESS!

THE EYE? - OH TINY, HOW WONDERFUL! - NO HARM CAN COME TO YOU NOW, IF THE EYE IS WORKING FOR US!



THE NIGHT OF THE BIG FIGHT ROLLS AROUND, AND IN HIS DRESSING ROOM, TINY AWAITS HIS LAST CALL TO BATTLE!

YOU GOT COTTON IN YOUR NOSE! -ARE YOU CRAZY?-WHAT'S THE IDEA!?

NEVER MIND, JOE - I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!



LISTEN TO THE CROWD! - WILSON IS CLIMBING INTO THE RING! - C'MON, TINY LET'S GO!



THE MISSUS IS WAVING AT YOU FROM RINGSIDE, TINY!

HI-BESS!



HERE COMES GRANDPA LONERGAN! - HE'S LIABLE TO BREAK A LEG GETTING THROUGH THE ROPES!



AFTER THE USUAL INTRODUCTIONS, COMES THE REFEREE'S INSTRUCTIONS!!

-AN' SHAKE HANDS NOW AND COME OUT FIGHTING AT THE BELL!

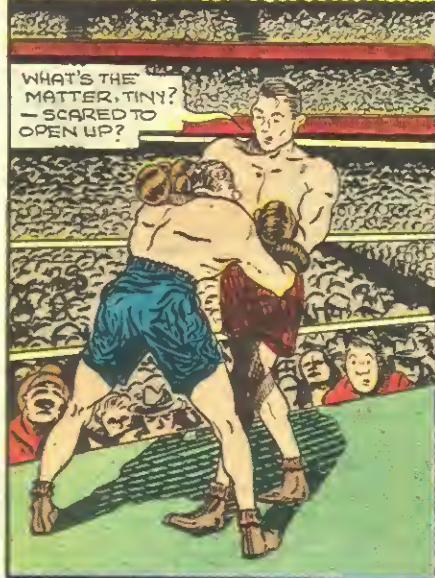


THEN THE OPENING BELL!



FOLLOWING THE EYE'S INSTRUCTIONS, TINY REMAINS ON THE DEFENSIVE AND EASES THROUGH THE FIRST TWO ROUNDS

WHAT'S THE MATTER, TINY?
— SCARED TO OPEN UP?

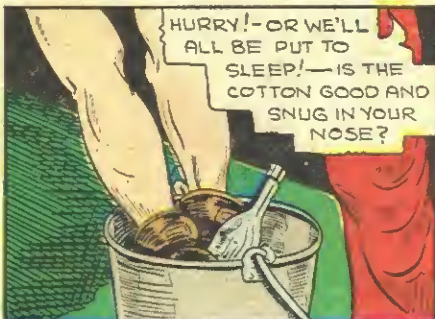


HE HASN'T EVEN HIT ME YET!

GOOD!—THIRD ROUND COMING UP!—NOW WHEN YOU PUT THE WATER BOTTLE BACK IN THE BUCKET, STICK YOUR HANDS IN THE ETHER!



HURRY!—OR WE'LL ALL BE PUT TO SLEEP!—IS THE COTTON GOOD AND SNUG IN YOUR NOSE?

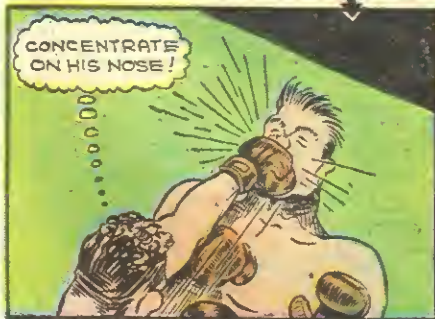


**ROUND
3**

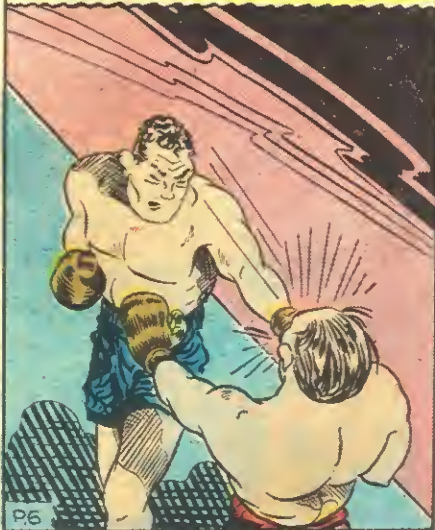
—CONCENTRATE ON HIS NOSE THE EYE SAID!

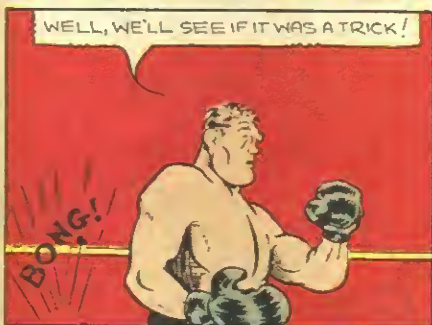
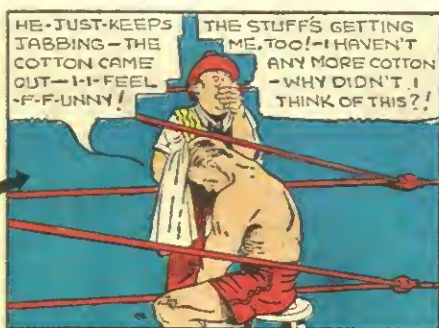
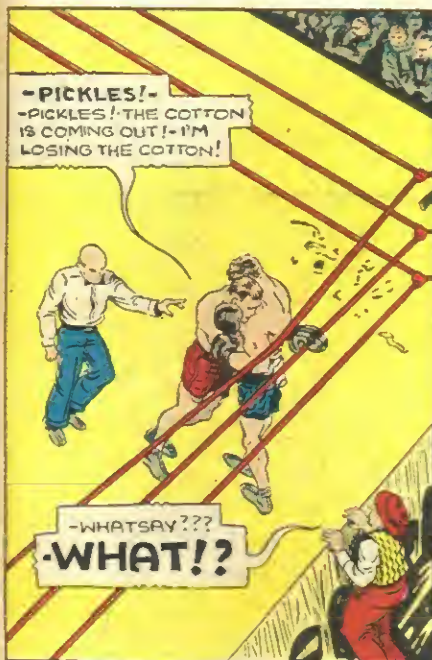


CONCENTRATE ON HIS NOSE!

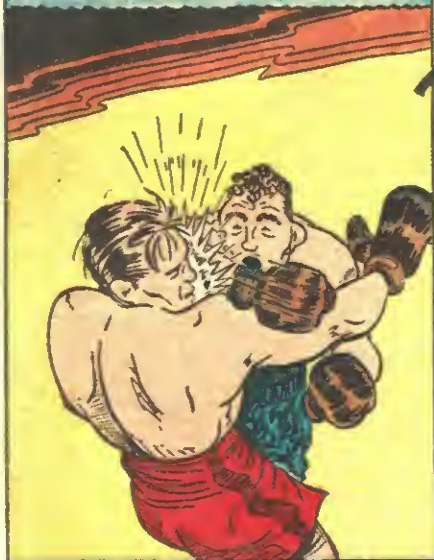


A STINGING LEFT JAB IS THE ONE THING THAT TINY HAS NOT LOST THROUGH THE LONG YEARS OF RING WARFARE!—AGAIN AND AGAIN THAT LIGHT LEFT FLICKS TO ITS MARK!





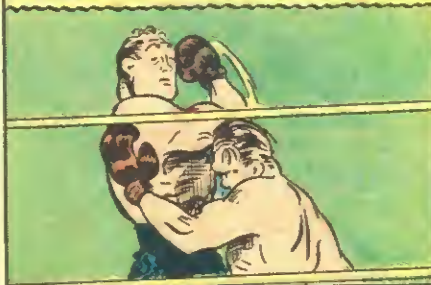
TINY LOSES NO TIME, BUT SAILS IN FOR A KNOCKOUT WITH A FEROCITY THAT REMINDS THE SHRIEKING FANS OF THE TINY LONERGAN THAT USED TO BE!



- IS THIS A DREAM?
C'MON TINY!



- A SHORT RIGHT, IN CLOSE, DROPS WILSON!



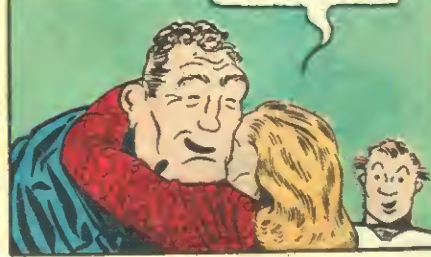
— NINE — TEN —
— OUT!



— AND NEW WORLD'S
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION —
— TINY LONERGAN!!



YOU'RE CHAMP, TINY!
- CHAMP!



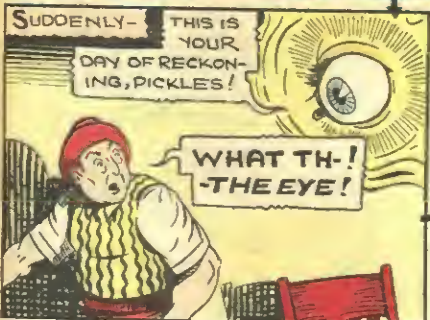
MEANWHILE-IN WILSON'S DRESSING ROOM!

CUT OFF HIS GLOVES AND THROW THEM OUT!—QUICK!

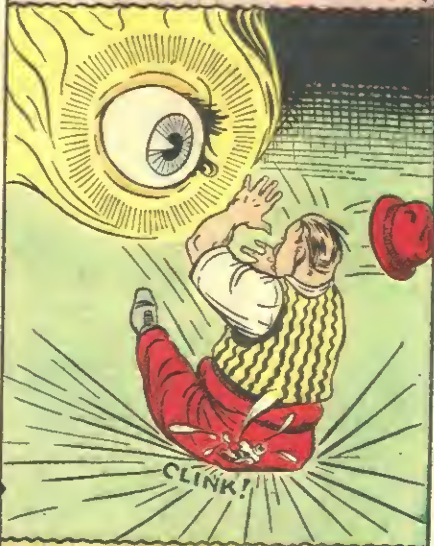


SUDDENLY— THIS IS YOUR DAY OF RECKONING, PICKLES!

WHAT TH—
—THE EYE!



IN HIS HASTE AND TERROR, PICKLES TRIPS AND FALLS BACKWARDS!



—SMASHING THE BOTTLE IN HIS POCKET CONTAINING THE BALANCE OF THE ETHER!

ETHER FUMES QUICKLY FILL THE LITTLE ROOM!

THREE MEN RENDERED HELPLESS BY THE VERY POISON THEY BREWED FOR OTHERS!—SOON THE NEWSMEN WILL BE HERE—THEY WILL FIND A STORY—A STORY WHICH WILL HAVE TO BE EXPLAINED BEFORE THE BOXING COMMISSION!—FAREWELL, SLEEPING BEAUTIES!—MAY YOU HAVE LUCK!—BAD LUCK!



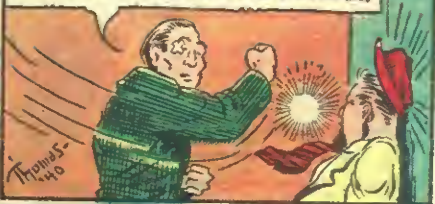
THREE DAYS LATER!

STATE BOXING COMMISSION

CAN Y'BEAT THAT!?—US SUSPENDED FROM BOXING FOR LIFE!—I'VE AN IDEA YOU'LL BE BACK TO DRIVIN' A TRUCK, KID!



THAT'S FOR YOU AND YOUR IDEAS!—PAST-PRESENT, AND FUTURE!



ANOTHER COMPLETE ADVENTURE OF **THE EYE** NEXT MONTH!



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THESE ACTION SHOTS
were taken

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TIMOTHY WEBSTER - CHIEF SPY OF THE PINKERTON SECRET SERVICE IN THE CIVIL WAR - THE UNION ARMIES SECRET SPYING WAS HEADED BY ALLAN PINKERTON AND WEBSTER - THEY ALSO SERVED AS ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BODY GUARD.



The Great German World War Spy
KNOWN ONLY AS

FRAULEIN DOKTOR

- WAS SO FEARED BY HER AGENTS THAT ONE OF THEM BEGGED THE BRITISH POLICE TO ARREST HIM AND SAVE

HIM FROM HER WRATH.



- WEBSTER RETURNS TO PINKERTON WITH THE INFORMATION HE WAS SENT AFTER.

- STORY OF A BRITISH SPY DURING THE REVOLUTION -



- MAJOR DANIEL TAYLOR, OF THE ENGLISH ARMY, DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR WAS DETECTED CARRYING A MESSAGE TO GEN. BURGOYNE IN A HOLLOW SILVER BULLET WHILE PASSING THE AMERICAN LINES. ①



CONTINENTAL SOLDIERS WERE ON THE LOOK OUT FOR MAJOR TAYLOR AND AFTER A THRILLING CHASE MADE HIM CAPTIVE. THOUGH HE SWALLOWED THE BULLET GENERAL CLINTON OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY SUCCEEDED IN GETTING SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE OF HIS GUILT.



ON OCTOBER 8, 1777

AT HURLEY, N.Y. HE WAS TRIED, CONDEMNED AND HANGED ON AN APPLE TREE NEAR AN OLD CHURCH WHILE THE NEARBY VILLAGE WAS IN FLAMES - LIGHTED BY THE MARAUDING ENEMY. ③

JOSEPH A. KALIFE



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